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GIFT OF

EDWARD B. SAWTELL

OF FITCHBURG

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ADDRESS
AT THE
CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION
OF THE
Town of Fitchburg,
June 30, 1864.

WITH AN APPENDIX
CONTAINING THE
Poems, Speeches and Letters
CONNECTED WITH THAT OCCASION.

FITCHBURG, MASS.
PRINTED AT THE OFFICE OF PIPER & BOUTELLE.
1876.

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ADDRESS,
AT THE
CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION,
OF THE
TOWN OF FITCHBURG.

June 30th, 1864.

BY CHARLES H. B. SNOW.

FITCHBURG:
PRINTED AT THE OFFICE OF PIPER & BOUTELLE.
1876.

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~~10334.56~~ 1879, April 19.

Gift

Edward B. Sawtell,

of Fitchburg

To the Honorable City Council of the City of Fitchburg:

GENTLEMEN:—The undersigned petition your honorable body to cause to be printed fifteen hundred copies of the valuable Historic Address, delivered by the late HON. CHARLES H. B. SNOW, at the Centennial Celebration of this town, June 30, 1864, which for certain reasons has never yet been published, that the same may be preserved to those who may come after us, and to the future historian of our city.

Fitchburg, Jan. 4, 1876.

LEWIS H. BRADFORD,
H. A. WILLIS,
A. NORCROSS,
T. K. WARE,
E. TORREY,
JONAS A. MARSHALL,
JAMES P. PUTNAM,

} Survivors
of the
Centennial
Committee,
of 1864.

CITY OF FITCHBURG.

IN CITY COUNCIL, January 4, 1876.

ORDERED:—That the Committee on Printing be authorized and instructed to cause fifteen hundred copies of the Historic Address of the late HON. CHARLES H. B. SNOW, delivered June 30, 1864, to be printed for the use of the city.

Attest:

HENRY JACKSON, *City Clerk.*

2749
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ADDRESS.

We are to-day assembled to celebrate the Hundredth Anniversary of the Town of Fitchburg. It is a custom almost universal, to celebrate in some form the birth-day—to mark as it were in a visible and impressive manner, the commencement of a new chapter in the volume of life. The existence of Corporations, invested as they are, by what is styled the omnipotence of the law, with the liberal gift of immortality, is not to be measured by the same standard by which we designate the different periods of human life. Centuries do the office of years in their majestic duration, and serve appropriately to mark their various eras.

We are therefore come together at the expiration of the hundredth year of our municipality, to pay it a fitting tribute.

We come also to review the years that are passed, and to draw from them lessons for the future—lessons no where so impressively taught as in the record of the labors, the trials, the failures, and successes of those who were once the actors upon the same busy stage on which we are now playing our respective parts in the drama of life.

I do not propose however, on this occasion, to give you the history of Fitchburg. It would be impossible for me in the limits within which I am necessarily con-

fined, even faithfully to outline it. The history of a hundred years of any of our municipal communities, faithfully and fully narrated, would embrace no small or unimportant part of the history of the nation. It would present in miniature a picture of the people in their first struggle with the wilderness and its savage tenants; in their painful but invigorating contest with hardship and privation, and their final victory over the unfriendly circumstances of their first condition—in their gradual achievement of the comforts and some of the luxuries of civilization—in their successful establishment upon a firm basis, of those chief elements of individual and social goodness and greatness, religion and education—in their sharp, stern contest for a distinct nationality and political independence—in their anxious and difficult construction of that government, which, securing the fullest liberty to the people, should consolidate the Confederacy into the splendid unity of the Republic—in their subsequent wonderful development of all the acts of peace, by which they have established themselves high and dominant among the powers of the earth—all these and much more would go to make up a full and truthful account of the little community of which we are, to-day, the representatives. He who faithfully tells the story of the common pebble in the highways, at the same time necessarily gives the history of the granite arches of the globe.

Nor can I, though I would gladly do so, present to you minutely those features peculiar to our own town history—sketches of the lives of our prominent and best citizens—anecdotes of the perils and hardships of our ear-

ly settlers—reminiscences of the eccentricities, fun and humors which crop out so quaintly from the rugged surface of New England character, although a volume not by any means uninteresting or unreadable might be filled with them. Such a treatment of the subject would evidently be foreign to an occasion like the present, nor would it be possible within the limits of any ordinary discourse.

Instead therefore, of attempting an end clearly beyond my reach at this time, but which, I am happy to say, has been admirably attained to a certain point comparatively recent, by our former townsman, Rufus Torrey, in his excellent history. I propose to occupy the hour allotted to me, in considering, in a very general manner, as I necessarily must do, how faithfully and successfully this municipality of ours, has, during its hundred years of existence, discharged its duties and answered the end of its creation—and to do this we must consider for a moment the purposes properly to be subserved by town organizations, as well as the end which our forefathers principally had in view in establishing them. In the division of the State, or rather Province, into counties and towns, our ancestors followed the precedent of the mother country. In England, however, the territory was subject to two distinct divisions: one ecclesiastical, the other civil; one sub-division of the former being Parishes, and of the latter, Towns. This distinction was not generally made by our ancestors, or rather the ecclesiastical and civil functions were usually united in their town organizations; and it was the usage of our town's anciently

to transact their parochial affairs at town meetings, making no difference in the forms of their proceedings when acting upon those subjects, or upon matters of mere municipal or political concern. Corporate powers were bestowed upon communities that they might thereby as one great, and perhaps the chief end of their existence, maintain a minister of the gospel and stated religious services.

The construction of highways and bridges, the erection of public buildings, and the raising of money for the necessary municipal purposes, were of course objects of consideration, but they were subordinate. Experience, however, has shown that the union of church and town, like the union of church and state, although perhaps natural in the earlier stages of social development soon becomes an inconvenience, and a cause of difficulty and dissension. Availing myself therefore of the lessons of experience, I think I may safely enlarge somewhat upon the early idea of the legitimate functions of towns, and pronounce them to be the establishments of unrestrained public religious worship, the diffusion of general education, the affording of facilities for political deliberation and representation and for united political action and the development of all conveniences of a public nature, and such as promote social and business intercourse.

I propose to regard the town briefly in each of these aspects.

But first revert with me for a moment to the commencement of our corporate existence, one hundred years ago. The year 1764 was pregnant with events of vast importance. The causes that concurred to bring the

American Republic into existence in that year sprang into full activity. The war that had been waged between Great Britain, France and Spain, had just been terminated by a treaty of peace. England was at full liberty to turn her attention to her colonies, and to mature schemes for converting them into profitable sources of revenue. In 1764 the intention of the British Ministry to quarter troops in America and support them at her expense was first announced. The question of the right to tax America without allowing her the right of representation was at the same time unanimously determined in the affirmative. And on the 10th of March of the same year the House of Commons voted a resolution that it was proper to charge certain stamp-duties on the colonies or plantations. Thus the year of the incorporation of the town was signalized by the inauguration of a policy on the part of the mother country that led to revolution, and terminated in national independence. At the incorporation of the town more than forty years had elapsed since David Page, the first white settler upon Turkey Hills, as the region now comprized in Fitchburg and Lunenburg was then called, had heralded civilization with the smoke of his clearing.

Between that time and 1764, great changes had been effected. The unbroken forest, the echoes of which had once been only awakened by the screams of the eagle, the howl of the wolf, or the whoop of the Indian, had here and there been rolled back, and its gloomy recesses irradiated by the gladsome light of the sun, smiled with the tender promise of spring and were clothed with the golden splendors of autumn. The

savage tribes, whose fierce incursions had so often darkened the soil of the province with human blood, and reddened the midnight sky with the light of burning villages, had been driven to the frontier, and the settler no longer started from his restless couch with blanched cheek and hurried breath, at the snapping of a twig or the cry of a night bird. There were as yet, no church, nor school-house within the limits of the new town; but the hills were dotted here and there with comfortable farm-houses. The Nashua dashed along unchecked in its devious course, its waters unvexed by the mill-wheel; but the rough and winding bridle-paths, over which the early settler had ridden to the sabbath service, his trusty rifle in his hand, and his faithful spouse upon the pillion behind him, had been broadened and wrought into highways, and convenient access to the neighboring villages opened. Thus in the period of forty years, most of the necessities and many of the comforts of life had been achieved, and domestic security attained.

Up to the period of its incorporation, as most of you are aware, Fitchburg was a part of Lunenburg, which was incorporated in 1728. The original grant of the territory to the Proprietors, as they were called, was made by the General Court in 1719, and it also included that which was afterwards incorporated as Townsend and a large portion of Ashby. As the original orthography of the name Fitchburg has been a matter of some doubt and dispute, it may be proper to say that it terminated with the letter h, although it has been for a long time entirely dropped. It is spelled Fitchburgh in the original act of incorporation, but it appears on examination

of the Town Records that the final letter was very soon dropped. It is not certainly known for whom the town was named, but it is supposed by some, that John Fitch, memorable for having been taken captive by the Indians, who was the first man on the committee to procure the act of incorporation, is entitled to that honor. There was a Col. Zachary Fitch, a wealthy merchant of Boston, whose portrait hangs over my head, who owned extensive tracts of land in the town, who is supposed by many to have given the name, and the probabilities certainly are in his favor.

The number of families in Fitchburg at the time of its incorporation was not far from forty, and the whole number of inhabitants did not much, if at all, exceed two hundred and fifty. The houses were widely scattered, and while in the "Old City" there was but a single dwelling house, in the remainder of the present populous centre which was then traversed by a road nearly in the same place with the present, and leading over Flat Rocks, there was not one. The occupation of the men was mainly agriculture. The rough and stony, but vigorous soil, afforded to energetic labor a comfortable support and a sure but small annual saving. The habits of the people were simple, and economy and industry were inculcated in a school whose lessons are rarely forgotten—that of experience. Of manufactories there were none, or rather I should say they were everywhere, for every farm-house had its spinning wheel whose busy hum was a spell by which the careful housewife exorcised the fiend idleness.

Indeed, as to women, the same compliment might

have been paid them that was given to those of his day by Croaker in Goldsmith's comedy, of the good-natured man, who says: "The women of my time were good for something. I have seen a lady dressed from top to toe in her own manufactures formerly; but now-a-days there is nothing of their own manufacture about them but their faces." It is hardly necessary to say that New England character, as it was found a hundred years ago, is now essentially modified. The mysterious influences of country and climate have wrought marvellous changes, physical and mental on the original stock, and the influx of wealth and the general diffusion of luxury have worked even greater. Very influential too, has been the constant influx from foreign shores, absorbed to be sure in the great stream of national life, but constantly coloring and modifying it. Strongly marked too, particularly in their effect upon the character of the rural population, have been the results of those great mechanical discoveries, by whose aid time and distance have been practically vanquished, and not only the town and country made one, but the nations of the earth brought as it were face to face. But under the congenial influences of labor, hardship, and frugality, that were the lot of our early predecessors, were nurtured sturdy and self-reliant traits of character, that were afterwards displayed in full vigor in the arduous struggle for independence; and it was under such auspices that our fathers laid the foundations of this social edifice which has sheltered so many generations in the past, and which we trust beautified and improved by the fostering hands of those who shall come after us, will be the home of industry, virtue and intelligence in the future.

I have already said that the religious element was predominant in the character of the early settlers, and everything connected with the public support of religious worship, was invested with an interest and importance, that in these days of comparative lukewarmness and indifference, it is difficult fully to appreciate. Their feelings were easily aroused upon the subject, and hence Parish troubles and difficulties make no small part of the early history of Fitchburg. On perusing the first volumes of the Town Records, I found thickly scattered over its pages, the evidence of the intense interest, not to say acrimony, with which our predecessors engaged in unhappy controversies, growing in the first instance out of the conflicting claims of the east and west parts of the Town, to the location of the meeting-house, and afterwards out of disputes between the old Parish and the new societies which sprang up around it. The troubles that arose from these causes agitated the little community for nearly half a century. A few words of explanation of the peculiar system under which these difficulties originated may not be inappropriate.

The old parochial system established by our ancestors has now entirely disappeared.

The grand feature of difference between the ancient and modern theory of the support of public worship is found in this: that the former was compulsory, while the latter is founded on voluntary contributions. At the first establishment of most townships a certain portion of land was set apart and dedicated to the use of the church, and until within a comparatively recent period all inhabitants of towns and parishes were holden to pay ministe-

rial taxes. Each town was required to be provided with an able, learned, and orthodox minister, and by the earlier provisions of the ancient charter, the right of suffrage in all elections and other civil matters was confined to church members in full communion. Each town was required to provide suitable houses for public worship, and no persons without the consent of the town, or the order of the General Court, were permitted to erect or make use of any house for public religious service. It was also at a very early period made the duty of all to attend Divine worship on the Lord's Day and Thanksgiving day, under a penalty of five shillings for a non-compliance with the law.

At the formation of the Constitution, the stringency of the law was so far relaxed that each religious society was permitted to choose its own teacher, and each taxpayer had a right to pay the amount of his tax towards the support of a minister of his own denomination. Every person was obliged to belong to some society and to pay a tax for the support of religious worship. In 1811 voluntary associations for religious purposes were first invested with many of the rights, privileges and powers of corporations, and any number of individuals were authorized upon filing a proper certificate with the Clerk of the town, to procure their exemption from taxation by forming themselves into a religious society. Thus by degrees the religious and secular elements of the town organization were separated.

In exploring so much of our earlier ministerial and parochial history as has been transmitted to us, I find some points well worthy of a moment's notice. The tie

that united the minister to his Parish was of a strength and tenacity in striking contrast with the slenderness of that which binds them together at the present day. It was regarded as an union of a sanctity but little inferior to that of the marriage bond ; a connection to be terminated only with life. The sacred office was thus invested with a higher degree of dignity and made capable of much wider and more powerful influence than at present. The minister was not regarded as we fear he sometimes is to-day, as the servant of the Parish, bound to study and submit to every prejudice and caprice ; and whose principal and most important duty is to regale the fastidious tastes of his hearers, by a weekly display of his choicest flowers of rhetoric, woven into the similitude of a sermon—nor did the Parish regard the minister merely as a necessary and ornamental appendage to a highly cultivated social condition, as something to be enjoyed like a favorite opera singer, or to be pitted like a race horse in an intellectual match against the favorite of a rival society, and like a race horse or a singer to be discarded at any moment for a new and more brilliant competitor ; but on the contrary, a becoming and rational view was taken of the relation, and he was considered as charged with the most solemn duty ever imposed upon man, with a trust of such immeasurable importance, that in a degree it removed and set him apart from his fellow men, and invested him at all times with a peculiar sacredness and influence. As year after year he set the seal of consecration upon the brow of infancy, invoked the blessing of God upon the solemn marriage vow, soothed the sufferings of the sick and the anguish of the bereaved

by prayer, by sympathy, and the sustaining consolations of his Master's word, smoothed the rapidly descending pathway of the aged, and supported and strengthened its faltering steps, and finally hallowed the passage of the poor remains of mortality to the tomb by the affecting and impressive services of the Church, he became indissolubly connected with all that is highest, grandest, sweetest and saddest of human life. He was not the brilliant lecturer, the fluent declaimer upon the popular side of the exciting topics of the day, but the spiritual director, friend and father of those entrusted to his charge.

From the churches of that day an instructive lesson might also be drawn. In the language of Torrey in his admirable history of Fitchburg: "The people of those days were less scrupulous in regard to the place where they met for religious worship than we of the nineteenth century are." They probably thought that their Maker regarded more the feelings with which his creatures offered up their petitions and adorations than the place in which they assembled for that purpose. Before the church was built, the early settlers met for worship in the tavern of Thomas Cowdin; and when in 1766 they determined to build a meeting-house, they also thought it proper to proceed with it no faster than they could pay for it—the town finding the stuff and hiring people to work on it—and after erecting the walls and roofing and "glassing" as they called it, the edifice, they arranged themselves on temporary seats around their preacher, and thus it was many years before the work was finally completed. But they had the satisfaction of feeling that what they owned, they had honestly paid for, and wor-

shipping beneath their humble roof, they presented perhaps a more dignified and pleasing spectacle than some modern congregations within its gorgeous and gilded structure dedicated not more to the worship of God than to the admiration of man, and occupied, it is to be feared by some of its tenants, with an approach to the same feelings with which they would present themselves at the most conspicuous box at the opera, or exhibit the most costly equipage at the park. There was one ceremony however, somewhat at variance with this pleasing simplicity and humility, but which cannot be wholly foreign to the spirit and temper of the people of that day who still entertained that reverence for social rank and established authority of which but few traces now remain, and which was the yet uneffaced impress of the institutions of the mother country. This ceremony or custom, was called dignifying the house—a phrase of some perplexity; and consisted in assigning to the members of the Parish, their seats in the order of their social position; the standard of dignity being the pulpit, and nearness or remoteness to it determining relative rank. To the credit of our ancestors be it said, that such a custom, which could not be put in practice to-day without danger of an explosion, as violent if not so perilous, as that of a magazine of gunpowder does not appear to have excited any particularly ill feeling or expression of discontent.

It is possible, however, that I may have drawn my sketch of the early parish and the early church with too flattering a hand for it must be confessed that the strength and closeness of the tie that bound together the pastor and the people, while under favorable circumstan-

ces, it made their mutual relations of a very high and ennobling nature, were productive in case of unsuitableness of character or temperaments, of a degree of uneasiness and irritation, of which we at the present day have but very little idea.

Our predecessors were not always fortunate in their church relations, and their records exhibit many sore contentions and long embittered controversies. The Rev. John Payson was the first settled minister in Fitchburg, and he held the sacred office from 1766 to 1794 when his connection with the church was dissolved on account of mental infirmity finally resulting in insanity and suicide. This disease exhibited itself at intervals for many years before it took such control of him as to put a necessary termination to his professional labors; and much uneasiness, during this period was naturally felt by his parish, although he secured for a long period the love and respect of his people, and was generally regarded as a worthy and upright man capable of much usefulness when not subject to his infirmity.

The Rev. Samuel Worcester was next ordained in 1797, and in 1802 the connection was dissolved by the sanction of a regularly convened council. He was afterwards settled in Salem and became very eminent. He was appointed Professor of Theology in Dartmouth college; distinguished himself as an able opponent of Dr. Channing in the Unitarian controversy and was chiefly instrumental in establishing the Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. His son, the Rev. Dr. S. A. Worcester of Salem, I am happy to say is present on this occasion. I would gladly continue our church history fur-

ther ; there are names very precious to many of my hearers associated with many tender and sacred recollections, that of the venerated and venerable pastor of my earlier years, the Rev. Calvin Lincoln, who is now present, among them ; on which I could pleasantly linger, but it would be impossible within my present limits.

I have thus briefly indicated the history while the Church and Town organizations were blended, but to follow it further would require a volume. It is sufficient to say that soon after the resignation of Dr. Worcester the parochial functions of the town ceased. The societies afterwards formed were successfully supported, and are still zealously engaged in their good work ; although some of them seem to have had more than the usual share of trials and difficulties, a narration of which could prove neither pleasant nor profitable.

Next to the church, the school has long been the cherished institution of New England. General education has been regarded, not only as an object desirable on grounds of charity and philanthropy, but for reasons of public policy. If the chief wealth of a state consist in her men, then it is obviously the part of enlightened economy to husband her resources, and to see that the powers of the citizen for usefulness are properly developed and directed into suitable channels of social industry. Intellectual power dormant for want of means of education, is the greatest possible reproach to the economy of the state in which it exists. It is so much withheld from her most valuable productive resources, treasure buried in the earth ; the highest and most powerful of human agencies suspended. It is to be

supposed that the earliest settlers of Fitchburg were to a certain extent impressed with the importance of this great subject; but in the days of the first organization of the township, there were so many matters of immediate necessity pressing upon them, and such an increased burden of expense, that they could not give it the attention it undoubtedly deserved. There was no public school during the first year of the town's incorporation, although there were schools existing within the precincts of Lunenburg. The second year it was voted that schools should be kept during the winter, and the somewhat modest sum of ten dollars was appropriated for that purpose. In 1766, £8, or \$26.66, was set apart for public schools, and this was the standing appropriation for many years. As the town increased in wealth and size, larger sums were raised, and, in 1828, the comparatively liberal amount of \$1,000 was voted.

During all this period, however, private schools were supported, and three-fourths of the instruction of the children is said to have been received in that way.

During the last twenty-five years, appropriations of tolerable liberality have been made, new and commodious school houses built; an elegant high school building erected, and a respectable rank in the educational scale of towns attained.

The real advance of a community in refinement and the arts of civilization cannot perhaps be better indicated than by a comparison of the schools of the earlier part of the century and those of the present day. There is perhaps no one thing which demands from the community more of the results of a high mental and moral culture,

than the establishment of a successful system of public schools. In an imperfectly educated and partially developed state of society it would be a simple impossibility. It demands all the aids and appliances of a highly cultivated and refined social state. The condition of the earliest settlers was not compatible with the establishment of what would now be considered a high grade of public education. A noble training indeed of a certain kind they were receiving, but not that to be had in the schools. In their struggles with a rough soil and a vigorous climate, and the adversities that hedge in the pioneer on every side, they were disciplined into mental and physical strength, self-reliance, fortitude, industry and economy; qualities which lay the broad and strong foundation of states and empires. Their circumstances required the education which develops and strengthens, not that which refines and adorns. The marble of the column must be wrought into the solid strength of the shaft, before it is carved into the delicate beauty of the capital.

The discipline of their schools in its imperfectness was to a certain extent an exception to the general course of training that formed our predecessors.

An Octogenarian, writing of his earliest school days, says that the extent of rural instruction was then considered to be properly limited to what a worthy London Alderman designated as the three R's, viz: Reading, Riting, Rithmetic. To cypher beyond the Rule of Three was deemed a notable achievement and were surplusage among the average of country scholars. Another says "that the school which he attended consisted mainly of small scholars, some of them perhaps sent to school to

get them out of the way," (a thing not entirely unknown at the present day,) "the teacher owned a small arithmetic, name not recollected, from which he gave out questions, if perchance any lad was old enough to encounter the ground rules. Slates and pencils were unknown, paper was scarce, imported and costly, and those who could not procure it cyphered on birch bark, and that was the article on which in due time I made my first figures. I often heard old people say that my first teacher was great in figures, that he could cypher as far as the rule of three, and they had no doubt he could actually tell how many barley-corns it would take to reach round the earth."

The school houses of that day were lamentably deficient in everything requisite for the comfort of the scholars; the seats narrow and inconvenient, and the temperature in winter graduated by different degrees of proximity to the fire into frigid, temperate and torrid zones. The discipline was based upon King Solomon's maxim, but the despotic reign of the master was not unfrequently disturbed by rebellions of the most determined character. In short one can form but a very imperfect idea of the public schools of the past from the public school of the present.

In development of material resources and increase of population and wealth, few towns can show a more encouraging record than Fitchburg. At its incorporation, the only mill on the Nashua, was the Kimball Grist Mill whose dam consisted of a log laid across the river with spiles driven in above it. The first store in town was opened by Ephraim Kimball in 1772, where the stone factory now stands. The brick factory now occupied by

the Fitchburg Woollen Mill Company, was the first factory erected in Fitchburg and was commenced about the year 1807.

What a striking contrast does the Fitchburg of that day present to the Fitchburg of this. The turbulent Nashua which our fathers regarded as a malicious sprite, delighted at the spring floods to hurl its swollen waters upon their painfully constructed and expensive bridges, and with a roar of exultation to bear away their shattered fragments, proved like many a mischievous youth when subdued and disciplined, as energetic for good, as it had once been for evil. The power that for ages idly slumbered, or was aroused but for destruction, now puts in motion thousands of busy wheels, lifts the ponderous hammers, impels the flying shuttles, and like the vital force pervades every sinew and fibre in this great frame of human industry.

The character of the population has seconded the natural advantages afforded by its waterfalls. That, which like the Nashua might at first have seemed a misfortune, a difficult soil and the absence of wealth has been a substantial blessing, inasmuch as it has served to rear a population industrious, frugal, inventive and self-reliant. In the great hive there have been no drones, and the surplus earnings of the population have been at once invested in the industrial capital of the town. Our men of business too, have for the same reason been made thoroughly acquainted with the lower departments of their occupation before they have advanced to the higher. The builder has served his apprenticeship with the hammer and the plane, the machinist hardened his

hands and toughened his sinews on the forge, before he took his place in the counting room, and the manufacturer had a thorough acquaintance with practical operation of every part of his machinery, before he aspired to take the helm and navigate among the rocks and quicksands of his difficult and perilous business. Thence success has crowned his judicious enterprise, and a constantly enlarging field of business invites new reapers to the harvest.

The year 1845 was destined to be a memorable one in the annals of Fitchburg. The Fitchburg Railroad was then completed, the natural resources of the town for the first time made fully available, and a new business era inaugurated. This great work, for great it was in view of the difficulties and embarrassments that had to be overcome before sufficient support could be secured to warrant even its commencement, was the fruit of the energy, foresight and perseverance of our own citizens, chief among whom I may be permitted to mention Samuel Willis, whose name is held in affectionate remembrance for his many public and private virtues that illustrated his unobtrusive but useful career, and Alvah Crocker, whose comprehensive policy even at that early day conceived and fully grasped that system of railway intercommunication that was to unite New England with the West, and make our northern vallies the channels, through which the boundless agricultural wealth of the prairie should flow to the ocean.

The difficulties they had to overcome were many of them such as would be unknown in a simular enterprise at the present day. Our railway system was compara-

tively in its infancy. Fitchburg nestled among the hills in bleak and barren Northern Worcester, was but little known. Many who were solicited for aid, professed to have never heard of it; the country through which the road was to pass was neither densely populated nor rich, the construction of a continuation which should make it a great northern and western line of communication was considered a wild speculation. Bold enterprise was not so much the fashion of that day as of the present, and it was under all these difficulties that by the exercise of that faith, that is said to work miracles, and by that perseverance that feeds upon rebuffs, the work was commenced and carried to its triumphant completion. From that day Fitchburg may date the period of her real growth, and the commencement of a business career of great prosperity. Another result of general interest and great importance followed the successful construction of the Fitchburg Railway. It had previously been supposed that all undertakings of such vast magnitude, could only be carried on by the great Capitalists as they are called, but it was then for the first time discovered that they could possibly be dispensed with and that the united contributions of those who lived upon the line of the proposed route, swelled into an aggregate amply sufficient for all purposes. The larger proportion of the stock of the Fitchburg Railway was accordingly taken by persons of moderate means, as a secure and permanent investment, and it is so held to-day. The discovery thus made was generally availed of, and an entire revolution in these great social enterprises followed, So long as all depended on a few men of great wealth, cautious and

conservative, but few railways could be constructed. But by massing and aggregating the surplus wealth of the community, the country was soon crossed by an iron net-work. But few towns have felt the life-giving influence of this policy more than Fitchburg.

To-day as we look around us and see the Nashua for miles, studded with its workshops and manufactories, its valleys and the neighboring hill-sides adorned with the neat and comfortable homes with which New England labor rewards its votaries, as we witness on every hand the evidences of happiness and prosperity, and then recall the untamed and willful Nashua, the bleak and barren steeps, the tangled swampy valley and the secluded and infrequent farm house of a hundred years ago, we may in a measure appreciate the results of a century of wonderful mechanical ingenuity and invention, and also of a century of steady New England enterprise and labor. More than fifty different varieties of manufacture are at present successfully carried on within our limits. Our paper-mills supply the market with over five million pounds of paper annually, and the New York Herald, whose daily issues fly as if on the wings of the wind to every point of the compass, we might almost say whitening the land like snow-flakes, draws a large portion of its vast supplies of paper from one Fitchburg mill. Our manufactories largely supply the South American and Cuban markets with chairs. The ingenuity and admirable workmanship of our great Machine Company have been rewarded with extensive orders from the most distant parts of the globe. Our scythes, our cutlery, our cloths, our shoes, and our hats have been scattered broad-

cast over the states, and within the last eventful year—sad change from the arts of peace to those of war—cannon cast in our foundries, monsters of modern destructive art, frown from our harbor and coast defences, while others, whose beautiful symmetry, lightness and strength half beguile us from the thought of their terrible uses, have helped swell the thunder of the bloody battle fields of the South. May we not almost appropriate the language of the classic poet and ask “*Quae regio in terris non plena nostri laboris.*”

There remains still one more aspect in which the town is to be regarded, and that is in its relations to the state and general government. Ordinarily these relations are of such a character that they do not claim particular attention, but in times of National and State emergency they assume a high degree of importance. The long struggle of the Revolution, the war of 1812 and the present contest with the revolted states are the chief occasions on which the town has been called upon to contribute its assistance to the general government, and to call into action the courage, patriotism and public spirit of its citizens—and I think I may say after a careful perusal of the records, that on none of these occasions were the necessary qualities found wanting. As early as 1768 Fitchburg sent an agent to Boston to represent the town in the general meeting held there to organize measures of resistance to the revenue act. In 1773 in response to a letter from the town of Boston, a series of resolves was adopted and sent to the committee of correspondence, in which after setting forth the inestimable value of Liberty, they declared themselves determined

to preserve it at every cost, and denounce its enemies as the enemies of their lawful sovereign King George, and his illustrious family, because tyranny and slavery are fundamentally repugnant to the British Constitution. They protest that they are proud to have their little obscure names associated with their American brethren as instruments in the hand of God to save Britain from complete destruction which was visibly impending; and in conclusion they say "and with respect to the East Tea for as much as we are now informed that the Town of Boston, and the neighboring towns have made such noble opposition to said Tea being brought into Boston subject to a duty so directly tending to the enslaving of America, it is our opinion that your opposition is just and equitable and the people of the town are ready to afford all the assistance in their power to keep off all such infringements."

To the Provincial Congress which met in Concord, in October, 1774, for the purpose of maturing measures for the defense of the Province, the town sent Capt. David Goodrich as agent and also passed the very significant note, that the overplus, if any remained of the contribution by which their delegate was paid, should be expended in powder. The selectmen at the same time procured the enlistment of forty minute men and provided for them the necessary powder, lead and flints. The constables of the town acting in accordance with the general spirit of resistance, having refused to pay over to Harrison Gray the money assessed by the Province, the town voted to indemnify the assessors for not returning their names. On the morning of the 19th of April, 1775,

news of the fight at Concord reached the town at 9 o'clock, the alarm gun was instantly fired, and the minute men who had spent the previous day in drill were within an hour or two on their march to the scene of action at which they arrived that morning. A large baggage wagon of provisions having been sent after them, and not being needed, it was afterwards sold and the proceeds given to the Rev. John Payson on the principle probably, Torrey says in his History, "that if the money were not wanted by those who fought our battles, it could not be better appropriated than by being given to one who earnestly prayed for our success."

In July, 1776, in compliance with a resolve by the State Legislature that each town should pass upon the question of national independence, the Town voted "that if the Honorable Continental Congress, should for the safety of these United Colonies, declare them independent of the Kingdom of Great Britain, we, the inhabitants of the Town of Fitchburg, will with our lives and fortunes, support them in the measure." The Colonies and Great Britain were then fully engaged in their great struggle, and throughout the whole of the distressing and prolonged conflict, there is no evidence that Fitchburg for a moment faltered or shrank from bearing her full share of the national burden. Of the severity of that burden we can form but a faint conception. We have been engaged for the past three years in a war of gigantic proportions, in which our resources, vast as they are, have been called into full requisition; we have seen in answer to successive requisitions, the workshop, the counting-room, and the field deserted and their former oc-

cupants sickening in the poisonous air of southern swamps, or falling in the red lines of battle; we have witnessed the heart-breaking sorrow of those they left behind them; we have shared in their terrible anxiety as the tidings of great battles peeled along the wires and thrilled the general heart like an electric shock, or the echoes of the weary march along pestilential shores tracked close by famine and disease have indistinctly reached their ears; we have heard the cry of anguish that could not be restrained when those war-worn ranks returned, but the loved ones were not there—all these have we seen and felt and heard and yet have not attained a full idea of the costly offering our fathers laid upon the altar of their country. We have not felt the grinding pressure of physical want—we have not seen the hard earnings of a life of toil melt and pass away in the devouring flames of war—our soil has not been blackened by the passage of an invading host—our liberties have not been trembling for seven weary years and doubtful scales, hope withering and despair settling down like a pall—the laborer has gone peacefully to his task and cheerfulness and plenty have awaited his return—the swollen tides of business have filled to overflowing the ordinary channels of industry—great fortunes have been accumulated on every side—and the round of gaiety and pleasure have been run even more madly than before.

Not thus did our fathers pass through their great ordeal. It required the strength of all—of the old and infirm—of women and children, as well as of the mature and active to push back the power that threatened to crush

them. The energies of all were concentrated in that single issue, and the same entire devotion and self-sacrifice were required from the wife and mother who prolonged their labors deep into the vigils of the night to cover the bleeding feet and the shivering forms of those that surrounded the camp-fires of Valley Forge, as from the son and husband who faced unshrinking the tempest of battle.

Page after page of the Town history as written in the Town Books, is dignified by the record of the efforts and sacrifices of our predecessors. The number of inhabitants, as you will remember, was at that time very small, and the hard New England soil, while it gave them a support, taxed their full energies and gave them but small superfluity. They knew nothing of the overflowing abundance which commerce and manufactures have spread over the land, and there were no great magazines stored with the munitions of war, the slow accumulations of long years of peace, which now like vast reservoirs supply the multitudinous, wasteful streams of war. Arms, provisions, men, were all to be drawn from resources, but little more than sufficient to answer the full requirements of a condition of peace. They were to be taken, not from the superfluities, as with us, but from the comforts and even the necessities of life. To add to their difficulties, the embarrassed condition previous to the commencement of the war, had resulted in great scarcity of money. To supply this want, grown pressing from the great increase in the price of labor and the necessities of life consequent upon the withdrawal of so much productive labor from the resources

of the country, Congress made large issues of paper money, promising to redeem them at convenient season. These bills soon began rapidly to depreciate, and to remedy this difficulty government made them legal tenders. This step arrested temporarily the downward progress of the Continental money, as it was called but it was soon resumed. A further attempt was made to arrest the depreciation by establishing an arbitrary tariff of prices for labor and provisions, but it was equally unsuccessful as all such attempts have ever been found to be. With such rapidity did this paper money fall in the scale of value, that while on the first of January, 1777 it was at par, in three years one dollar in specie was worth \$32.50 in Continental money and at the close of the fourth year it was little better than brown paper. It was under all these difficulties and discouragements, that Fitchburg maintained in the field her quota of men, an average of from fifteen to twenty, raised for each of them in addition to his regular pay from the United States, the sum of three hundred dollars as bounty, giving notes for it payable in produce at market value, and supplied their ratio of beef, clothing, and money for the army. And during all this time and amid all these privations, reverses and manifold sufferings, it does not appear that they once faltered or looked back with regret upon the step they had taken. Individual instances there were of loyalty and affection to the old government, but any utterance of such sentiments was immediately repressed by a course of discipline which if not convincing was at least effective. I find upon the Records a vote of the Town to choose a committee to in-

investigate the sentiments of the inhabitants, and if any one were found entertaining inimical opinions, to at once report him ; and Torrey records that more than one individual was threatened with a coat of tar and feathers, or even with the destruction of his house for his lingering loyalty or his lukewarmness in the popular cause, and this summary process as he pithily adds, induced those who had inimical opinions to keep them to themselves. Nor can this severity under the circumstances be regarded as wholly unjustifiable, for their resources were too scanty and the disparity between themselves and the enemy in almost every particular, too formidable to permit the fatal weakness which would be the result of a divided sentiment.

In the war of 1812 unpopular as it was in New England, Fitchburg bore its part without apparent murmuring, nor does it appear to have materially ruffled the current of the existence of its inhabitants.

No other national or state event occurred to call forth the loyalty, courage or self sacrifice of Fitchburg until the bursting forth of the sad and terrible civil war now raging. On this occasion I have no desire, nor is it necessary to do more than to point with pride to the vigorous and patriotic action of citizens. I cannot but feel, however, as I look back from this sunny and joyous interval, upon the events of the past three years, my heart penetrated with emotions of profound sadness, I cannot forget, even if I would, that sad rivers of fraternal blood separate kindred hearts to-day that yearn with the full strength of filial, fraternal, or parental love, to mingle together once again, that there are those beneath

the southern sky, and the alien flag, whose eyes first opened on these scenes, whose earliest memories are of boyish sports on these hill sides, and who turn sorrowful and longing looks to-day, to that old home, from which no sectional hate, no civil strife, no madness of the hour, can ever alienate them, or efface one sweet and tender recollection. And I cannot but feel that on this occasion that at least to-day the 'old homestead would, if she could, gather within her walls, all her children and fold them to her heart unquestioned. She would weave around her a spell so potent, that every discordant sound of fraternal strife, should break on her outmost limits, and die away unheard. But while the retrospect, to every feeling heart, must be one of unutterable sadness, not the less does it become us on this occasion to pay a fitting tribute to the energy, faith and devotion of our citizens. It is not alone the vices of mankind that are forced into startling growth by the fierce light and red rain of war, but many of the virtues too, and those the noblest that adorn the human soul are developed with equal vigor.

Within the last three years, men have learned that the highest and most arduous duty of a citizen is due the nation, and their hearts have been purified and ennobled, as the narrow views and unworthy motives that spring up and grow rank in that bosom in which no great passion lives, have been burned away by the hallowed and hallowing love of country. All the manly and robust virtues, that are so often dwarfed in peace, and sunk in luxury, spring into their full growth and statue, and strength is born from hardship, self-reliance,

and from danger ; patience from suffering ; courage from conflict ; and magnanimity from courage.

Woman, too, has learned that life has paths for her to tread, sublime, though stern and rocky, and rising to the lofty height of the occasion she has emerged from the atmosphere of petty cares and frivolities in which so many of her nobler qualities are lost, and breathed the inspiring air of self-renunciation, self-sacrifice, and wide and active benevolence. Let us be duly thankful for the graceful and fragrant flowers that spring up in the stern and desolate track of war.

The history of the exertions and sacrifices of our citizens commences with the beginning of the war, and from that time to the present, they have poured forth their treasure without stint or reluctance, and sealed their devotion to their cause with their best blood upon the battle field. To every call a response has gone forth, as cheerful and generous as that your ancestors returned almost a hundred years ago, and the anguish of the wounded and the last hours of the dying, sad victims of the terrible battle fields of Virginia, have never failed to be soothed by your thoughtful solicitude. And when the record is made up of those who served, and those who fell in the cause to which they had consecrated themselves, you need not fear that honorable place will not be found for those brave men, our citizens, whose names will ever be held in tender remembrance by those whose annals they have served so nobly to illustrate.

“ How sleep the brave who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest,
Where Spring with dewy fingers cold,

Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
 She there shall find a sweeter sod,
 Than faucy's feet have ever trod.

"By fairy forms their dirge is sung,
 By hands unseen their knell is rung ;
 There honor comes a pilgrim gray,
 To bless the turf that wraps their clay,
 And freedom shall awhile repair
 To dwell a weeping hermit there."

Thus, fellow citizens, we have briefly and imperfectly reviewed some of the more prominent points in the history of the Town. We have traced its course, from its slender fountain in the past to the broad and prosperous current of the present, a current apparently tending to a still more prosperous future. We have seen how well our predecessors have borne themselves in their relations to the town, and we have resolved, undoubtedly, to fully emulate them in the performance of our whole duty. But do not let us forget how humble a niche is this town of ours in the great Temple reared and dedicated by our ancestors to the freedom, unity and happiness of those who should succeed them ; and as we recall the patient labor with which they laid its deep and broad foundations ; the precious blood with which they cemented its lofty walls, as painfully, stone by stone, they grew under their forming care ; the wisdom and foresight with which they prepared it to be the home of a great, happy and harmonious nation ; as we meditate on the lessons of wisdom which they have inscribed on its tablets, and kneel at the altars whence their prayers for our welfare and prosperity ascended, let us resolve in the future more diligently to watch over and defend it ; to preserve it re-

ligiously in the spirit and faith in which it was erected ; to repair, if God in his mercy grant that it be possible, the terrible ruin wrought in it by the wicked, the erring and the unreflecting ; and to restore it to its original grandeur and beauty, purified, reconsecrated, and to stand with its glorious pinnacles sparkling in the first beams of the morning, and gilded by the last rays of the evening sun, so long as liberty shall find a resting place on earth.

And now, in conclusion, let me welcome you all to this interval of holy calm—this hour of respite from the din of contention and the clash of arms—this banquet of sweet and sacred emotions. To-day the old homestead recalls all her wanderers, gathers all her children together beneath the venerable roof tree which has sheltered so many generations, and spreads for them her ample and hospitable board. Open freely your hearts to the tender and elevating inspirations of the hour ; dedicate the day to remembrances of the past, to the strengthening of domestic and friendly relations, and to the forming of wise and good resolutions for the future. Let this not only be the beginning of a new century of municipal life, but also the commencement of a new era of social existence—one of greater mutual kindness and forbearance, and of more active and wider benevolence. Let this day, like the running stream at whose limits evil spirits lose the power to follow and harrass, stand henceforth a charmed barrier between us and the bad passions and enmities of the past. Let the young resolve to emulate the worthy traits of those who have gone before them—the courage, the constancy and rectitude of the

early fathers—and worthily to reproduce them on this later and wider stage. Let the middle-aged, refreshed by the shades and waters of this oasis of the years, take up their burden and resume their burning march with fresh spirit and new hopes. Let the old, in grave and kindly intercommunion of the past, freshen the fading lines of memory, and in the glow of genial intercourse warm the slow blood chilled by the shadows of the great approaching change. And finally, may we all, as we contemplate our beautiful City of the Dead, rising from the steep banks of the Nashua, terrace above terrace, until its marble shafts stand in clear relief against the western sky, recollecting how brief is the interval allotted to us, be incited to renewed exertions to so do our appointed work, that when those who come after us shall celebrate the second centennial anniversary of Fitchburg, they may see around them the trophies of our energy and usefulness, and may hold our names in affectionate and reverent remembrance.

APPENDIX.

After the Committee of the City Council had commenced printing the foregoing address of Mr. Snow, the following papers connected with the celebration of the Centennial of 1864, came into their hands, and at their request, the City Council ordered them to be printed as an appendix.

The address of Mr. SNOW, and the poem by GEO. E. TOWNE, Esq., were delivered under Yale's Mammoth Tent, on the vacant lot of Walter Heywood, Esq., on Circle Street, also the religious services connected with the occasion. The address of the Hon. ALVAH CROCKER, welcoming home the sons and daughters of Fitchburg, we regret to say, was not preserved. The reading of the Scriptures by the Rev. Mr. BULLARD, from the ancient Family Bible of Col. Zachery Fitch, printed in London in 1739, the fervent prayer by the Rev. Mr. LINCOLN, both former pastors of the town, the presence of the Rev. Doct. Worcester, and the well known faces of many of our venerable citizens upon the platform, all combined with the happy influences of the occasion, to make the day forever memorable in our history. The other speeches, toasts, songs and poems, were delivered at the dinner table in the Town Hall, which contained nearly 500 guests.

L. H. BRADFORD.

A P O E M.

READ BY GEORGE E. TOWNE, ESQ.,

At the Centennial Celebration of Fitchburg.

JUNE 30, 1864.

'Twas early morning, ere the lazy sun
His usual daily circuit had begun.
In eastern skies a narrow thread of light
Showed day advancing on the shades of night;
The cool air through my open window poured,—
My next room neighbor—how the fellow snored,—
While from a thousand feathered songsters' throats,
Came forth as many sweet and varied notes.
I rose from bed and dressed myself in haste,
The glories of the opening day to taste;
I'd heard about 'em, and I wished to know
If all the wondrous things I'd heard were so.
You'll not, of course, expect me here to tell
Just how I found it, or at length to dwell
In praise of early rising; 'twere as well
The curious, in such matters, to advise
Just once, at early dawn from bed to rise,
And dress and go, it makes no difference where,
So they can breathe the unwholesome morning air,
And until sunrise shiver, gape and stare.
My own experience—and I won't deny it—
Convinces me that only once they'll try it.
I climbed up Roulstone and I made no stop
Until I reached the boulder at the top.
I saw the fiery eastern sky aglow
With radiant loveliness, that seemed to grow

More and more lovely yet, as sure and slow
 The coming sun dispelled the twilight gray
 And grandly ushered in another day.
 Still as the scene enraptured I surveyed,
 Within myself a hundred times I said,
 Would that at home and snug in bed I'd staid.
 My hands and ears and feet were numb with cold,
 My chattering teeth my mouth could hardly hold,
 My eyes were watery, and my glistening nose
 Ached so, I knew full well it wasn't froze.
 Vague thoughts of breakfast flitted through my mind,
 And I confess I strongly felt inclined,
 The shortest homeward route at once to find;
 When suddenly a strange, low, rushing sound
 Fell on my ear; I turned and looked around,
 And saw, arising from the opened ground,
 The strangest figure, in the form of man,
 That e'er was seen since first the world began.
 His dress was out of date, his figure portly,
 His face a little thin, his manner courtly.
 At the first glance, one hardly would detect
 That all about him was not quite correct;
 But as I gazed apace my horror grew,
 Though what it was I own I hardly knew,
 So strange, unnatural, uncanny, weird,
 A man, yet not a man, the thing appeared.
 And soon I noticed, for I scanned him well,
 Though bathed in sunlight, horrible to tell,
 No sign of shadow from his figure fell,
 And though it squarely interposed between
 My vision and the charming sunrise scene,
 I saw the whole, I noted it with care,
 Rocks, trees and hills, as though he wasn't there.
 It flashed across me; for a ghost, I knew him;
 He puzzled me no more, I saw right through him;
 Yet still I waited in the hope to find
 Whose ghost he was, and strongly felt inclined

To ask him, when there flashed across my mind
 An ancient legend I had sometime heard,
 And deemed, till now, all senseless and absurd.
 In seventeen sixty-four, the story ran,
 Of the then living ones, the oldest man,
 In a forgotten grave, did duly find
 The sleep to all men soon or late assigned ;
 But when above his quiet grave at last,
 A century's tidal wave had surged and passed,
 He'd burst Death's fetters—thus the tale was told,—
 And wake, the century's progress to behold.
 Now I'm not one of those who feel afraid,
 When an odd ghost or so essays a raid ;
 If they incline to walk, I've found it best
 To let no walk of theirs disturb my rest ;
 I would not be thought rash, my words I weigh,
 I understand exactly what I say,
 Women and ghosts should always have their way.
 Meanwhile his ghostship seemed prepared to make
 A few remarks, and as I had at stake
 Only my nose and ears, I thought I'd stay
 And list to what the old fellow had to say.
 I was his audience, yet I must confess,
 His words to me he did not seem to address,
 But with far gaze, and voice distinct and loud,
 He spoke as from a rostrum to a crowd ;
 He turned his back to me and faced the sun,
 And thus his dreary monologue begun :
 "The cycle is complete ; a hundred years,
 With their vast freight of boundless hopes and fears,
 Of sweet and bitter memories, love and hate,
 Of hearts made happy or left desolate,
 Of wrong, injustice, violence and fraud,
 Of quite too oft forgetfulness of God ;
 Illumined, though with feeble, flickering light,
 By some faint gleams of justice, truth and right—
 A hundred years have slowly rolled away,

Since that (to me at least) eventful day,
 When, tired of life, I bade the world good-bye,
 And in all calmness laid me down to die.
 A hundred years, and now again I've woke,
 Called back to life by a strange voice that broke
 The spell that bound me, saying rise and see
 The wondrous progress of the century!
 The time seems very brief to one who's slept
 All through the intervening gap, nor kept
 The slightest record of its flight, nor known
 How days to months, and months to years have grown;
 And yet my dazzled, sleepy eyes I find,
 A century's dust quite thick enough to blind;
 So pray have patience, while I feel my way
 Along the years, until I reach to-day;
 As when an infant, in its earliest days,
 In toddling fashion first to walk essays,
 Nor dares from point to point direct to go,
 But creeps along, circuitous and slow,
 Clutching at chairs and tables on the way,
 Instinctively its tottering limbs to stay,
 Or as the traveller, lost in marshy ground,
 Leaps o'er the quivering earth from mound to mound,
 Halting, as each new foothold is obtained,
 To see where next some progress can be gained,
 So I, beginning life as 'twere again,
 Must grope my way across the century plain,
 Gaining new strength and hope, as year by year
 I find myself approaching towards you, here,"—
 I interrupted here, and did suggest
 That for all parties 'twould I thought be best,
 If of his preface, he'd omit the rest,
 And plunge *in medias res* and tell us how
 Past Fitchburg might compare with Fitchburg now.
 He blandly smiled, as though it pleased him well,
 And thus his childhood's view went on to tell:
 "It is a charming valley, nestling snug

Amid surrounding hills that seem to hug
 It closely in affectionate embrace,
 Grandly combining majesty and grace ;
 Right at our feet fair Nashua is seen,
 Half hidden by o'erhanging fringe of green,
 Here lost awhile, entirely hid from view,
 There flashing out again as good as new ;
 Now rippling sweetly o'er its pebbly bed,
 The air all vocal with the music shed,
 Then hoarsely brawling, as the rushing tide
 'Tween rocks in narrowed beds is forced to glide,
 Next from some precipice, sullen, sad and slow,
 Plunging to reach the deepened gulf below,
 Its water churned to foam as white as snow,
 While ever and anon at some deep pool,
 Scooped out by eddying currents, calm and cool,
 The waters lingering, moderate their pace,
 Then stop entire, as though they liked the place,
 Whirling and sporting with bewitching grace,
 Until a thousand dimples dent their face,
 While ever, as the gorgeous hues o'erhead
 Upon its mirrored face their radiance shed,
 See their reflection from the surface thrown,
 And each become, though borrowed, all its own.
 Upon the sloping hill sides, I behold
 Primeval forests, tangled, grand and old :
 Nature's cathedrals, through whose arches dim
 The winds forever chant their solemn hymn.
 I see no grassy slopes, no pastures fair,
 But stern, unbroken forest everywhere.
 Nor signs of life I see, save here and there
 A curling smoke-wreath rising through the air,
 Which on its upward flight, as slow it steals,
 Some dusky Indian's wigwam home reveals.
 And now the cloud before my vision lifts,
 As slow the panoramic canvas shifts,
 And as I gaze, before my very face

A change comes o'er the spirit of the place."
 I stopped him here again ; said I, " My friend,
 I think it time this sort of thing should end.
 It's well enough, this sentimental stuff,
 But I have listened to it long enough ;
 You're prosy, stupid, tedious, dull and slow,
 And as your words monotonously flow,
 My hands and ears and feet still colder grow.
 Besides, though meritorious be your rhyme,
 You do not quite keep up with passing time,
 And while you slowly crawl from year to year,
 Whole generations come and disappear,
 Till ere at length you reach the present age,
 And juvenescent stand upon the stage,
 Another century will have passed away,
 And you as far as ever from to-day.
 'Twill never do at all, some other way
 Must be devised, so listen ghost, I pray,
 Scour out your eyes, drop that bewildered stare,
 Brush off the dust of ages, smooth your hair,
 Give motion to your limbs, your tongue keep still,
 And grasp my hand, I'll lead you down the hill."
 I might have been more gentle, but I deemed
 It right to check him, for it really seemed
 To me a wicked waste of time, and wrong
 To listen longer to his dismal song.
 The only question was how best to stop him,
 And I but knew one way, short off to chop him ;
 As sailors, when they'd stop a messmate's cackle,
 Just clap a stopper on his jawing tackle,
 So I, when of his droning I'd be rid,
 Thought best to choke him off at once, and did !
 And now my task begins. Inspire my pen
 Ye muses nine,—or was it eight or ten ?—
 Help me in fitting terms, to tell what most
 Of all we saw, pleased our good friend the ghost.
 Together we proceeded down the hill,

Not, as in Mother Goose, did Jack and Jill
 Who rolled and tumbled down in grievous plight,
 Jill following crown-cracked Jack, half dead with fright;
 But soberly, upright, our way we wended,
 Until that portion of our route was ended.
 We crossed the rail road on the way, he saw
 The iron track, and asked me what 'twas for ;
 But ere the mystery I'd begun t' explain,
 I heard the bell which spoke the coming train ;
 It came in sight, with rumble, screech and roar,
 Exceeding aught I'd ever heard before ;
 But for all that I cannot say which most
 The echoes waked, the engine or the ghost.
 Fear seemed at first his thought and speech t' arrest,
 And then he yelled as though by fiends possessed,
 He tried to run, but terror held him fast,
 And so per force he saw the train go past.
 I showed the telegraph and tried to explain
 Its operation to his wondering brain.
 I told him briefly how mankind obtained
 The knowledge that the lightning could be trained
 Obediently our messages to carry
 Along that slender, mystic, message ferry,
 And Oh ! that you had seen him ope his eyes,
 In doubt, amazement, wonder and surprise,
 When I informed him that a message sent
 From east to west, across the continent
 That lies twixt oceans, thus forever parted,
 Would reach there some three hours before it started.
 We crossed the bridge ; he eyed the stream below,
 Black, foam-flecked in its sullen, ceaseless flow,
 No longer, as in ancient days, a theme
 For poets' scribbling or for artists' dream,
 No longer dancing lightly on its way,
 Its face, mirth-dimpled like a child's at play,
 No longer even free, but pent up, chained,
 Its course obstructed, and its current trained,

As on it sped to lose itself in ocean,
 To set some tens of thousand wheels in motion ;
 He tried to speak, but only heaved a sigh
 In memory of the stream of days gone by. /
 I showed the churches where good folks repair
 To worship and see what their neighbors wear ;
 I told him of the softly cushioned pews
 Where sleepy christians sit and nod and snooze,
 And then complain about the preacher's views.
 The frescoed ceilings, decorated walls,
 On which through storied panes the sunlight falls,
 Tinging with ever changing gorgeous hues,
 In turn, floor, wainscot, column, aisle and pews,
 The organ, many voiced, whose peal so grand
 Speaks in a language all can understand ;
 The universal language ; to the ear
 And heart, however untrained, still ever clear.
 The quartette choirs, retained to sing God's praise,
 For liberal pay in operatic lays
 And vocally accompany the sermon,
 With songs in English, Latin, French or German ;
 Or possibly a chorus fills the seats,
 And there perform most wondrous vocal feats,
 And being thus of harmony bereft,
 Have for their private use, but discord left ;
 And hence the fact, that choirs so much delight
 Among themselves, to wrangle and to fight.
 The gorgeous pulpits where sleek parsons stand,
 With quires full of pointed texts at hand,
 To shoot at error, wickedness and crime,
 And rake down sins in platoons at a time.
 In short, where money, taste and skill have lent
 Their aid, to give church-goers sweet content,
 So well is pleasure with instruction blent.
 Not like the churches in the days of old,
 Bald, bare and bleak, uncarpeted and cold,
 Where stern old preachers thought they did a wrong,

In preaching sermons less than one hour long ;
 Where shivering sinners sat in wintry days
 And pondered on the errors of their ways,
 Wishing the foot-stoves placed beneath their feet
 Would radiate more perceptibly their heat ;
 And though, of course, they knew that Heaven was ;—well,
 In some respects a better place than Hell,
 And trembled when the earnest parson shouted
 A threat of endless fire to all who doubted,
 Still on their minds the thought would sometimes steal,
 As icy shivers swept from head to heel,
 That 'twould be well, though living in the former,
 To sometimes visit winters—where 'twas warmer.
 I told him of our schools, with tender care
 Provided for the children everywhere ;
 Progressively arranged with nicest skill,
 Like stairs, to help the pupils up the hill.
 I saw an urchin and I thought I'd try
 My words by actual test to verify ;
 I wished to impress upon, and show the ghost,
 The basis of my educational boast.
 I called to him to come, " my lad ! see here ;
 I don't intend to hurt you, never fear,
 Pray, if you can, tell this old man and me
 How many planets in the sky, you see,
 And which one is the largest, and most bright ;"
 " Dry up now, I don't see it in that light ;"
 Such was the answer, and I thought it best
 To let him take for granted all the rest.
 We saw the High School building, so designed,
 That scholars architecturally inclined,
 And truants fond of out-door life, might find
 That nothing outside, in the way of beauty,
 Could stand between them and their inside duty ;
 And thus we see, of beauty or of grace,
 From sill to ridge-pole, note the slightest trace ;
 We gazed awhile, then turned away, to try

And find some pleasing shapes to suit the eye;
 As children, when they 've taken physic, haste
 To swallow sugar to remove the taste,
 So we, on architectural sweets intent,
 Down to the Baptist Church and Town house went.
 I told him of our fearful civil war,
 Waged to defend the Union and the law;
 This simple question, once for all, to test
 Whether majorities shall win the rest.
 I told him how our young men, true and brave,
 Cheerful went forth, the worlds best hope to save,
 And nobly suffered hardship and privation,
 And even death itself, to save a nation.
 I took him into Wallace's, and showed
 The morning papers o'er the counter strewed;
 I begged of him to carefully peruse
 The column headed "Telegraphic!" news
 Of battles fought, and mighty victories won,
 Or lost, because the rebels would'nt run;
 Changes of base, which every one could see
 Were not defeats, but wondrous strategy;
 Great movements, reconnoissances in force,
 The object gained—why, we fell back, of course—
 And finally, the usual startling rumor,
 Concocted with rare skill, and rarer humor;
 "We have in our possession information
 Not proper yet for general publication;
 The secret has been guarded with such care,
 That few (save rebels) its possession share;
 A movement is projected, on what day,
 How many men, or where, we shall not say;
 But when at length they're fairly under way,
 Look out for startling news, they'll strike a blow,
 Will lay this miserable rebellion low.
 For Government has now resolved, at length,
 To prosecute the war with all its strength."
 His ghostship slowly followed down the column,

And as he read his face grew wondrous solemn ;
 You see, he thought 'twas true,—now please don't laugh,—
 How could he understand the telegraph.
 He finished it, and to the postscript turned,
 And reading, to his satisfaction learned,
 (I saw a change upon his face depicted)
 "All the above has just been contradicted."
 I showed him next the factories, and traced
 Their line along the river bank, so placed
 That not an inch of fall should run to waste.
 We visited the paper mills and saw
 Huge piles of rags, old ropes, and even straw,
 To be converted at the workman's will
 To finest paper with consummate skill ;
 We saw the slender, lithe East Indian reeds,
 Brought over ocean to supply our needs,
 Strangely manipulated, split in strands,
 And deftly smoothed for use by nimble hands.
 We saw a chair shop, wonderful to tell ;
 Where chairs are made for use, and not to sell,
 When as it flies, each minute adds one more
 To the supply of chairs on hand before.
 So strong, substantial, well made, fine and stout,
 The ghost remarked, "they never will wear out."
 We saw the process from the earliest minute,
 When first the cunning workmen did begin it.
 A log upon the ground before us lay,
 A living, growing tree but yesterday ;
 Its branches nodding to the summer breeze,
 Or shivering in the wintry blasts that freeze,
 And chanting ever with companion trees.
 They rolled it on the ways—we looked again—
 The whirling saw had cut the log in twain ;
 Again, and yet again the angry saw
 Buzzed through the log, and gorged its hungry maw,
 Until but blocks and cubes of wood were seen,
 Where once a noble, well-shaped log had been.

We walked right through the mill ; we made no stop ;
 We saw it from the bottom to the top ;
 We reached the end, and—judge of our surprise—
 When there we saw (we scarce believed our eyes),
 A workman driving up a dozen chairs,
 Made from the log we started with down stairs.
 I told him of the contest long time waged
 'Twixt " up-town " and " old city ; " fierce it raged,
 And bitter was the internecine strife,
 Such as is sometimes seen 'tween man and wife.
 None knew what by " old city " was intended,
 Or where " up-town " begun or where it ended ;
 The whole within two stones throw, yet for years
 Full half the town was fairly by the ears.
 The railroad came ; the engine whistle blew ;
 Its echoes rung the valley through and through.
 " Where shall the depot be ? 'twould be a pity,"
 Said " up-town," were it placed in the ' old-city,"
 While from old-cityites the answer fell,
 " The depot might as well be placed in,—well,
 We won't say where, as have it up in town,
 Such a decision never will go down."
 A hog reeve must be chosen ; who shall be
 The man to fill the office ? let us see—
 " Put Smith, the late incumbent, in again,"
 " Oh, no ! he lives now south of Newton's lane ;"
 " Well, if you don't like Smith, take Brown or Keys,
 They're both up-towners," 'tother party cries ;
 And so we pulled and hauled, until at length
 'Twas found that thus we wasted half our strength.
 And from that moment fainter grew the blows,
 'Till the two sections ceased to meet as foes.
 Our social habits, laws and customs, next
 Formed for a short discourse, a proper text.
 I showed him how in these things we'd improved,
 And socially, just how we lived and moved.
 I told him of our festivals and balls,

Our evening visits and our morning calls,
 Our fashionable parties, where we go,
 Not for enjoyment, but our style to show,
 And generally the things we do and say,
 To keep our social natures from decay.
 Not as in olden time, when quiet neighbors
 After the day was o'er, and closed their labors,
 Would meet and sit within the cheerful glow
 Of a huge bonfire, bright enough to throw
 Weird, shapeless, shifting shadows that did fall
 Behind them, on the smoke-browned cottage wall.
 And as they sat and smoked their pipes together,
 Discussed their church, crops, politics and weather ;
 While in the chimney corner, deep and wide,
 On oaken settles placed on either side,
 Casting sheep's eyes across the roaring fire,
 Sat next door neighbour John and Ann Maria ;
 Who, as their glances met, turned rosy red,
 And wished the older ones would go to bed ;
 And when at last they did go, coyly drew
 Two chairs together, and the minutes flew
 Unheeded by them until late it grew ;
 Yet still they sat and talked, and idly dreamed,
 And still the smouldering embers fitful gleamed,
 And strange to say, but one their shadows seemed ;
 I told him that the laws by fashion made,
 Now, as of old, were generally obeyed ;
 That all the fashion plates were scanned with care,
 And nothing was allowed save what was there ;
 No matter how absurd, 'twas all the same,
 If but Queen fashion stamped it with her name,
 Pretty or ugly, beautiful or mean,
 It was " the sweetest thing that e'er was seen."
 Our coats are long, short, narrow, loose or wide,
 Just as the tyrant tailors may decide ;
 Our boots, now square-toed, like an adze or spade,
 Once like a pick-axe at the toe were made.

The collar threatens now our very ears,
 Anon it droops, then almost disappears.
 And so on through the list, we fain must wear
 Just what we're told to, and we never dare
 To vary from it, for our caste we lose,
 Unless we dress just as our tyrants choose.
 While all our protests reach this single end ;
 " 'Tis quite the way we make them now, my friend ;"
 In this the ladies set us an example,
 Their skirts, for instance, now so broad and ample,
 Have for five years—'tis really passing strange—
 Save to grow daily larger, known no change.
 But I forbear ; for properly to speak
 Of all these things, would take at least a week ;
 Still just to impress and fasten on his mind
 What I had said to him of womankind,
 I pointed out one, fashionably dressed ;
 And closely watched his face the effect to test ;
 Said he, " I see her head, pray where's the rest ?"
 But time is passing, and at length I find,
 Though to continue I may feel inclined,
 For your sake I must try and bear in mind,
 That poems, like, all things on earth, should tend,
 However long delayed, towards an end.
 He listened, and I talked, until at length
 Exhausted was his patience and my strength ;
 I told him almost everything I knew,
 I finished, and his shadowy figure grew
 More and more shadowy, till dissolved from view.
 But as he faded from my sight away,
 These words in saddened tones I heard him say :
 " Farewell ! a long farewell ! I've seen and heard
 All you have shown and said, each sight, each word,
 You've shown me fairly what I waked to see,
 The wondrous progress of the century.
 And it is wonderful ; my heart is filled
 With admiration, and my soul is thrilled.

But after all—and oh! I pray forgive
 Me when I say—again I would not live;
 Your men no doubt are chivalrous and brave;
 Your women, true as God to man e're gave;
 Your countless railroads, telegraphs and mills,
 Born of your wedded intellects and wills;
 Your churches, with their heavenward pointing spires.
 Marking afar, where burn your altar fires;
 Your school-houses, whose plainness you deride,
 Yet studded with your brightest gems inside—
 All these proclaim a people wise and great,
 And growth in grandeur plainly indicate.
 But 'tis not home to me—all things are changed;
 E'en nature's very self seems disarranged.
 Where is the humble, homely, low-browed cot
 In which was cast my early happy lot?
 The well-curb, creaking sweep, and bucket old,
 And moss-grown when a boy, I first was told
 How to draw up the water sweet and cold.
 The rough, unpainted barn—I see it now—
 In which were kept the old gray horse and cow;
 The kitchen, smoke-browned, yet so clean and neat,
 E'en to the well-scoured floor beneath our feet;
 The fireplace, in whose corners deep and wide,
 We children used to sit on either side;
 The cider-mill, the smoke-house and the sty,
 Where portly grunTERS in the sun did lie.
 Of all these things no trace is left to-day;
 Long since they've passed to ruin and decay.
 My father, strong and stalwart—even when
 He bore the weight of four score years and ten,
 Who, although humble and unknown to fame,
 Among his neighbors bore an honest name;
 My mother, loving, womanly and kind,
 Who for her wayward children yet could find
 Excuses, which her tender heart inclined
 The rigor of strict justice much to soften,

And tempered it with loving mercy often.
 My elder brother, manly, brave and true ;
 Who grew in goodness, as in years he grew ;
 My playmate sister, sharer of my toys,
 My childhood sorrows, and my childhood joys ;
 Who grave and thoughtfully far beyond her years,
 Joined me in sport, and soothed away my tears ;
 Who ruled, though younger, with a rod of love,
 Until God took her to himself above.
 My loved ones never can come back to me ;
 My childhood's home I ne'er again can see ;
 Thus, however bright to you the world may be,
 It never can again be home to me."
 His voice and form here faded quite away,
 And I—awoke, and found another day
 Had dawned, and strange as it may seem—
 All I have told you here was but a dream.

To the Centennial Poet of 1964.

MY DEAR YOUNG BROTHER,—As the first in the long line of poets
 when—looking down the ages with prophetic eye, “in fine frenzy roll-
 ing”—I see, enlivening with tuneful lyres, future municipal celebrations
 of centennial anniversaries, I address you my immediate successor.

I much regret that circumstances beyond my control, will probably
 prevent my being present to join in your festivities; so I write to give
 you friendly greeting—to deprecate in advance your criticism, and to
 ask of you a judgment, tempered with mercy. No one knows better

than I the poverty and weakness of the feeble effort for which I here invoke the covering mantle of a broad and generous charity.

It was surely an evil moment when I weakly yielded to the solicitation of our centennial committee, and consented to become a standing memorial of their want of judgment and good taste.

All in vain I pleaded want of time.

"Take it," said my tormentors.

"But I lack poetical ability."

"Acquire it," roared they.

"Another more gifted can do it better. '*Poeta nascitur non fit.*'"

"But that other is not a native, and a 'centennial poet must be to the manor born, even if not fit,'" translated they, bellowing it after me, as I retired in discomfiture and utter rout. So the committee "plucked the apple, and I did eat."

It is not often that lack of judgment is so far reaching in its results, but the blame is theirs, not mine. They might have selected—but I could not have written—better.

One comforting thought is mine, and may be yours. We centennial poets are sure of immortality. We shall be read all along down the centuries. The torrents of ordinary poetical trash, which, are ever bursting the too weak barriers of good taste, continuously sweep in freshets down the gorges of life, undermining the faith of men in the sanity of their fellows, sweeping away their confidence in the existence, anywhere, of good sense, and ploughing deep, ugly furrows in the smooth, green sward of naturally sweet tempers,—are surely at last, all, or nearly all, lost in the great ocean of oblivion. We centennial fellows, alone, are the poetical Plurii, whose lucubrate outpourings flow on forever.

Emerging into publicity from the sweet, placid pools of calm thought, away up in the dizzy heights of ordinarily inaccessible brain levels, they thunder down the narrow gorges of local interest, broken, perchance, but never stayed by the rocks and quicksands of metrical difficulties, and with grand majestic sweep, "flow on and ever," between smiling, flowery banks of local popular favor.

We may be pigeon-holed, book-shelved, even temporarily forgotten; fire may burn, children may tear, and continual reference thumb us seemingly out of print, yet in hiding places innumerable, under corner

stones, in dusty garrets and municipal archives, we still live; and as the centuries go by architectural demolition and archæological delving give us resurrection from the sleep of eyes.

This may be the immortality of circumstance, and not of merit, but it is still immortality; and as it is certainly my only chance—and quite likely yours as well—let us “take the goods the gods send us,” and be thankful.

In conclusion, I bespeak your gratitude. I have pitched a key note low down in the poetical gamut. I know too well that I have only grovelled. Thank me, for I have thus given you the best opportunity in my power to do better. Had I soared to Empyrian heights, the result of comparison might have brought disappointment to your audience, and mortification to yourself. See to it, then, that the self-abnegation of one—who thus grandly immolates himself to give to his successors a better chance—receives the homage it deserves.

Send me a copy of your poem to the address, which, about that time I will try and rap out; and meanwhile, accept for use, and transmission in turn to your successor, the poet's pen, now no longer mine; and believe me I am—or rather I shall be as soon as you are in existence—

Your predecessor, and most

Obedient servant,

GEORGE E. TOWNE.

ADDRESSES AND POEMS.

The County of Worcester.—“To its enterprise and liberal spirit in all public works we are largely indebted for the full measure of prosperity with which we have been favored.”

The sentiment to the County of Worcester having been announced, the President said he saw a gentleman present, who, although he could not claim to be a native of the town, had come among them for his better-half, and by his long and familiar acquaintance with every part of the County, had a right to speak in her behalf, and he would therefore call upon the Hon. Emory Washburn to respond to the sentiment.

REMARKS BY HON. EMORY WASHBURN, OF CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Mr. Washburn said that he should have felt himself to be an intruder into this family gathering, although kindly invited by the committee to be present, from the circumstance that, without his fault, he had to trace his birth to another locality, if he had not endeavored to correct the mistake as soon as he was able, by seeking for one who had been born here, to fill the most important place in his domestic establishment; so that if he could not himself, lay claim to a filial relation with the good town of Fitchburg, his children could; and he might perhaps hope to be accepted as their representative on this occasion. He was quite sure that when the next centennial of the town should be celebrated, his posterity, should any of them remain, would thank his memory for having, by such a wise selection, enabled them to claim descent from a spot so honored and so honorable in its history.

The President, however, had generously relieved him from his embarrassment in this respect, by asking him to speak for the County of Worcester, within which it had been his good fortune to be born. And yet, proud as he was of his native County, what could he say of her, with the exception of extent and degree only, that he might not with justice say of the spot where they were then assembled. If he would speak of the intelligence and cultivation of her people, the good order which pervaded her borders, and the social refinement which is everywhere to be met with, they had certainly witnessed all these in the gathering of to-day, and the exercises to which they had been listening. Where could they hope to find more scholarly taste, appropriateness of thought or language, more sparkling wit or true eloquence than they had enjoyed in the addresses and poems which had graced and dignified the occasion? And if he might, indeed, speak for this noble County, he might congratulate her upon the manner in which so many of her citizens had maintained their claim to consideration on this, the hundredth anniversary of their corporate existence.

The sentiment to which he was to respond, made distinct allusion to the enterprise and liberal spirit of the people of the County, and while he was ready to accord the full share of veneration and respect which was due to her from a son, he was irresistibly led, as he looked around upon the scenes which here met his eye, to cast his thoughts backward over the past and to ask where there could be found more decided

marks of enterprise and liberal spirit than was witnessed here? How was it that a community like this had thus grown and prospered? Within the period of the life of a single individual, its population had nearly doubled twice and one-half, while its wealth had increased in a still greater ratio. If they looked for the cause of all this, it would not be found in the soil or the climate, or in any extrinsic aid from abroad in the form of special accessions of skill or capital; but it was to be traced to what was inherent within itself. Like the County of which it formed a part, its prosperity might be traced to the principle of well directed skill and industry in every department of labor, which had built up its workshops, and given honest and honorable employment to its sons. Here was the secret of the success which they witnessed. They had worked out their own independence, and the marks were before them in the abodes of comfort and luxury which were clustered along this valley.

It was a theme he could only touch upon in the brief moments allowed him while occupying the place which other gentlemen were so much better prepared to fill. And yet he could not wholly pass it over on an occasion like that on which they were assembled.

The influence of this principle of free labor would be found to reach altogether further than the mere thrift and prosperity of a single town or county. It entered into the very struggle in which the country itself was then involved, and the people had more at stake to maintain its rights than many had been willing to acknowledge.

If they included within this principle the inventive brain and mechanic skill which distinguish the industrial classes of the north, there was in the results of labor in the two sections, such a contrast that no one could fail to perceive it. But in nothing was the distinction more marked than in the different modes by which the labor of one or the other had been performed. In the one, it had been carried on by the means of a vast human machine, costly, wasteful and unprofitable, requiring constant renewal, and worked only at the expense of human suffering and degradation. In the other, it was the cheerful combination of ingenious skill, and the willing agencies of nature, whose energies never tire, and whose resources are never exhausted. The Southern planter had heretofore wrung his profits from the reluctant toil and services of the slave, that he, himself, might live in indolence and ease,

while here the waters of this little river, in their play, are made to do the work of a thousand hands, while they scatter on every side wealth, comfort and personal independence. Nor had this contrast been overlooked or unnoticed by those who control the public opinion of the South. A jealousy of this predominance of free labor, in contrast with their own, had been a ready instrument in the hands of bad men for creating discord and alienation of one part of the nation against the other. Nor was this the only source of antipathy on the part of the leaders of the South against the institutions of the North. While with the one, the fruits of labor were monopolized into the hands of a few—a slave oligarchy; with the other, its rewards were open to all, and shared by all, nor were the avenues to success closed to any one. There had, therefore, grown up from the very nature of those relations, an antagonism against the free institutions of the North which had culminated at last in open war. Nor was it too much to say, that the war in which the country was then engaged, was to settle whether those institutions, including that of free labor, should live with all their blessings, or be crushed beneath the heel of the slaveholder.

In what free labor had achieved, as well as in this struggle to maintain its rights, Fitchburg had done her full share. Nor could any one reasonably doubt what was to be its final results. If over that region now desolated by war, other Fitchburgs could be built up, and industry and the arts gather the freemen of the land into houses like these, to work out for themselves the personal independence which is here enjoyed, the burden and disgrace to which our country had so long been subjected would be a thing which will live only in the memory of the past. The events which they were then witnessing in the progress of this war, were an earnest that the day could not long be delayed. Long ere the recurrence of this centennial should be celebrated, the last vestige, as he believed, of that which had separated and distracted a common country, would be blotted out forever. And he would close these hasty and unpremeditated remarks by offering as a sentiment—

The next Centennial Anniversary of Fitchburg—May it find her still rejoicing in her career of prosperity, in the midst of a nation of freemen, without one stripe obliterated, or one star blotted out from the glorious old Flag of the Union.

LETTER FROM S. M. WORCESTER, D.D.

SALEM, July 23, 1864.

J. T. FARWELL—

Dear Sir—I send the accompanying outline of my remarks. I have appended a note, which I hope the committee will cheerfully insert. I think that the truth of history will be promoted, and that a point of so much importance in the "controversy" should be rightly presented.

I did not make the speech which I had thought of making before I received a notice of the "sentiment" by which I was called up. And I was so anxious to be brief, that I omitted some things which I afterwards much regretted. What I send is but little worthy of publication, and the committee have my leave to omit the whole.

You are aware, I suppose, that I was but a year old when my father left Fitchburg. While an officer of Amherst College I first visited my native place, and with a deep interest went to the house where I was born. Repeatedly since I have passed in sight of it from the cars. One Sabbath, some fifteen years ago, I preached in the place.

I was greatly pleased with the exercises of the celebration, and desire to express my grateful acknowledgments for the attentions of the committee of arrangements.

Very cordially,

S. M. WORCESTER.

The Clergy—"They can win no higher praise, than that by their behavior in their sacred office they have entitled themselves to the affectionate reverence in which they were held One Hundred Years ago."

REMARKS OF REV. S. M. WORCESTER, D.D., OF SALEM, MASS.

Mr. Chairman, I have often said that if I had not been born in Fitchburg it would have saved me many words. "You were born in Salem, Mr. Worcester," says one. "No, sir." "Where *were* you born?" "In Fitchburg." "*Fitchburg?* was your father ever settled in Fitchburg?" "Yes, sir, he had his first settlement there, about five years before he came to Salem." Formerly I sometimes had to tell where Fitchburg is. And hundreds of times, I may say, I have had to relate more or less the history of my father's ministry in this place. Not seldom have I been obliged to go into the details of the whole

Fitchburg controversy, by which this town became far more extensively known, than it would otherwise have been.

I was once informed by the Chairman that when the Fitchburg Railroad was undertaken, a member of a committee of the Legislature, with a very significant look and voice, inquired—"Crocker, *where is Fitchburg?*" The enquiry was very gladly answered, as it gave Mr. Crocker just the opportunity he wanted to present some very important facts for his purpose. But I need not say that more than sixty years ago, and forty years before the Railroad was commenced, Fitchburg was widely known in the land, by the great conflict here in regard to the respective rights of churches and towns, or parishes. From my honored father's part in that conflict, he more than laid the foundations of his great pre-eminence in all matters pertaining to the principles and usages of our New England Congregationalism.*

And now, sir, in responding more directly to the sentiment which has just been announced, I hope that I may be pardoned, if as a son, I speak of that father. It has been, I will not say my *pride*, for I do not like the term, but my grateful satisfaction to know, that while he was the minister here, he entitled himself to "the affectionate reverence in which the clergy were held one hundred years ago." And that he was held in such reverence by the most, I am certain—if I may not say, by all the people of the town.

* For a full account of the memorable ecclesiastical controversy in Fitchburg, see "The Life and Labors of Rev. Samuel Worcester, D. D. By his Son." And by permission of the Publishing Committee, it is added, that some errors, materially affecting the points at issue, have found their way, doubtless by an oversight, into the sketch of the History of Fitchburg, published a few years since, and which has been very highly commended. For instance, it is said in regard to Dr. Worcester's settlement, that the town took the lead in the "call," and in fact gave it, *the Church concurring*. But a careful examination of the records of the town, and those of the church, will show that this is a mistake. Meetings of the church and of the town had been warned to be held on the same day. The church first voted to invite a Mr. Noyes to become their pastor. The town voted against concurrence with the church; but, by vote of 43 to 21, signified their "willingness to settle Mr. Samuel Worcester." During a brief adjournment of the town meeting, the church voted to give a "call" to Mr. W., agreeably to the preference of the town. Their vote was communicated, at the meeting of the town, held by adjournment; thereupon the town, in a formal manner, voted to *concur with the church* in extending an invitation of settlement to Mr. Worcester. Thus the title of the church to precedence, in calling the pastor, was distinctly recognized, according to ancient and still accredited usage. And the same precedence in proceedings for the dismissal of the pastor was afterwards recognized, but not without a severe struggle.

I had the privilege, some years since, of hearing from those who had been his parishioners, the most delightful testimony on this point. Those who were children under his pastoral care, well remembered how he used to lay his hand upon their heads in his gentleness and mild dignity, and with what a pleasant and endearing smile he spoke to them, or addressed them in the family, by the wayside, in the school, or in the sanctuary. As of an early minister of Rowley, it might also have been said of him, that he was a tree of knowledge laden with fruit, which the children could reach.

About the time of his dismissal in August, 1802, a messenger from Salem came to Fitchburg. As he rode into town he met a man of good appearance whom he stopped for some enquiries. "Do you know Mr. Worcester, sir? the minister; we want a minister for the Tabernacle in Salem. How would he do for us?" "Why," said the respondent, "I don't like the doctrine of Mr. Worcester. But he is a man of talents, a good scholar, and a gentleman. And if you like his *doctrine* you will like *him*. You can't do any better, if you like his doctrine. But *I don't*." The answer was all that was desired.

It was my father's wish to leave Fitchburg, just as soon as he perceived an organized opposition to his ministry. But clerical brethren, and other persons whose judgment he felt bound to respect, advised him to remain. Friends here clung to him most firmly. Some leading men of the parish, who did not agree with him in doctrine, did not hesitate openly to denounce the proceedings of his adversaries, by which the town would be deprived, it was said, of a minister, whose equal in a successor they could not expect to find; and whose interest in the young, and in all classes, was so promotive of the intelligence, industry, enterprise, good morals, and general respectability of the inhabitants. He *made his mark* here, with an enduring impression, as much certainly as any other minister has since made. When he delivered his farewell to the church and town, there could not have been, as I have heard, a single person of the crowded assembly who was not moved to tears.

Mr. Chairman, we do not realize how much Massachusetts, and how much all New England owes to the clergy. Why, sir, of the more than seventy ministers of the first generation, and when the population could not have exceeded twenty thousand—much the largest part were

educated at Cambridge, in the father-land. Not one, I think, was without the advantages of liberal culture. For talents, learning, and worth, they have not been surpassed in any generation since. Justly indeed were they held in "affectionate reverence."

In truth, however, it may be said, that from the beginning of our history, the clergy of our commonwealth have been men, who, as a class, might challenge respect from all in the land, or the world, for their high character, their support of educational and philanthropic institutions, and their exertions for the liberties, the material prosperity, the progressive improvement and happiness of their fellow men. I mourn that there are exceptions, and that there is less disposition than in former days, to hold the clergy in esteem and honor. But I believe that there is no order of men more worthy than the clergy of our Massachusetts, and of other loyal states.

However this may be, I pray God that the ministers of Fitchburg, in all time to come, may all of them be men, who, by their character and influence, will remind every intelligent person of the words of the sweet bard of Olney :—

I say the pulpit (In the sober use
Of its legitimate peculiar powers),
Must stand acknowledged while the world shall stand,
The most important and effectual guard,
Support and ornament of virtue's cause.

I have never been much of an inhabitant here, although as much a native as any of you. But I have felt to-day, as if I had begun to have the feelings of an inhabitant. And let me assure you, that my heart's fervent prayer is, that the future of Fitchburg may be all which the best Christians, the best patriots, and the best *men*, can reasonably desire.

AN ADVENTURE.

BY MRS. CAROLINE A. MASON.

Walking down Main street but the other day,
 I met a stranger clad in homespun gray.
 A queer old wight he was, and strange to see,
 In small-clothes drest, with buckles at the knee.
 His calves, well-fashioned, he displayed with pride,
 His cue, tight-twisted, with fresh ribbons tied,
 Hung down his back; and round his ample chest,—
 Ye gods! was that intended for a vest?
 The color buff, bespangled o'er with green!
 Was ever such an odd old codger seen?
 I rubbed my eyes if I were yet awake,
 When lo! the stranger neared my side and spake:
 "What place is this?" quoth he, with visage grim,
 I checked a smile, and courteous answered him:
 "You are a stranger here, then, I infer;
 This place is Fitchburg, at your service sir."
 "Fitchburg! that beats the Dutch!—I want to know
 If this is Fitchburg! you are joking, though;
 I knew the good old place before *your* day;
 Fitchburg, forsooth! you're quizzing me, I say,"
 "Nay, my good friend," I quickly answered, "nay,
 This place is Fitchburg; look you! don't you see
 We're passing Stiles'? "What is Stiles to me?"
 The stranger growled, "give over with your jokes."
 I laughed outright; "Why, don't your women-folks
 Wear bonnets, caps and ribbons, feathers, cloaks?
 If so, *they've* heard of Stiles if *you* have not."
 His stony visage softened not one jot;
 'Twas plain he thought me wholly in the wrong.
 I deigned no more and quicker walked along,
 Hoping my tiresome friend the hint would take
 And his own way, for courtesy's sweet sake;—

He only followed closer in my wake.

At length he ran against a lamp-post. "Ho!
 What's this?" he shouted, "I should like to know,—
 Pitching into an honest fellow so?"
 "That is a lamp-post," I observed, "They light
 The gas up regularly every night,
 Unless the moon is shining pretty bright."
 "The gas?" he muttered, "what may that be, pray?"
 Then quick espying, just across the way,
 An ample building looming dark and gray
 Against the sky, "Is that a jail?" he said,
 Slow turning to'ard it his capacious head.
 "A jail?" I echoed, "That's the Depot, sir;
 Why, don't you hear the engine whiz and whir?
 And see! the cars are coming; pray beware;
 You'll surely get run over, standing there!"
 Just then the engine gave a mighty puff,
 The cars came thundering by, and sure enough,
 But for a leap half frantic as they passed,
 That hour had surely been our hero's last.
 He gazed half petrified; great drops of sweat
 Rolled down his pallid cheeks, his huge brows met
 In wild contortion o'er his phrenzied eyes,
 He stood the embodiment of blank surprise.
 "Thunder and guns!" he gasped; "By Jericho!
 What do you call those screeching monsters, though?
 My stars, at what a tearing rate they go!
 How very odd it seems! Why, in *my* day
 They took it easy in a one-hoss-shay,
 And that, to *my* mind, was the better way."

A sudden light came flashing on me here!
 "Ah," thought I to myself, "'tis very clear,
 This strange, unique, conservative old wight
 Belongs to generations vanished quite;
 And now comes back, in some mysterious way,

To visit haunts familiar in his day,
 And finds queer doings going on in town,
 And things in general turned quite upside down."
 Just at this point, my cogitations o'er,
 I saw the stranger turning to explore
 The great Stone Factory. "What's that?" he asked.
 "The Cotton Mill," I answered, "where is tasked
 One single hand to do the work that erst
 A hundred hands with ceaseless labor cursed.
 Pray, enter, friend; I doubt not you will see
 Much that will move your curiosity."
 I said, and entered; close behind me pressed,
 With both hands on his ears, the stranger-guest.
 "Why, what, the mischief! what is all this din?"
 Exclaimed the astonished wight, now fairly in.
 "Don't be alarmed," I said; "machinery
 Is always noisy, more or less, you see."
 "Machinery," he cried, "where are the reels,
 The cards and spindles and the busy wheels
 They used in *my* day? Here's a pretty fuss!
 What upon earth they do in such a muss
 Is past my comprehension, such as 'tis:—
 Crash! splutter! bang! Creation, what a whiz!"
 "Be easy friend," I answered with a laugh,
 "Why bless your ears! you haven't heard the half!
 Call *this* commotion? Nay, it don't begin
 To bear comparison, in point of din,
 With what is coming if you'll but agree
 Another flight of stairs to follow me."
 "Now, then," replied the stranger, "spare my brain;
 You don't catch *me* in such a hurl again.
 Let's to the street; I am a quiet man,
 And much prefer my good old mother's plan
 To all this flurry. I remember well
 The music of her spindle as it fell
 In happy murmurs all the summer day,
 When I, a rosy urchin, loved to play

About the sanded floor her knee beside ;
 I used to listen with a sort of pride,
 For well I knew in time a bran new suit
 Would grace my father and myself to boot,
 In payment for her care. Oh, happy days
 Of simple toil and good old-fashioned ways !”

The stranger paused and dropped some natural tears
 Above the grave of those departed years,
 Then rousing, asked me as we gained the street,
 “What is that building near us, large and neat ?”
 “That’s one of our hotels, sir,” I replied ;
 “Yonder’s another.” “You are well supplied,”
 He answered : “In my day a tavern stand
 Was quite a rarity.” He raised his hand
 To where against the sky our tall church spires
 Flashed in the sunlit air like molten fires !
 “Plenty of meeting-houses here,” he said ;
 “All different creeds ?” I sadly bowed my head ;
 “Ay, friend, all different. Think you we shall see
 Ever a time when Christians shall agree,—
 Foregoing tithes of anise, cummin, mint,
 To follow Christ and serve Him without stint ?”
 He paused,—that relic of an ancient time,—
 And raised his finger with a glance sublime.
 “Not here, not here,” he said, “is perfect day,
 But *there* all darkness shall be rolled away.”
 ’Twas all he said, ’twas all that he *could* say.

We walked on silent. Suddenly his eye
 Espied a placard as we sauntered by.
 His leathern spectacles he slowly drew
 From his huge pocket, spelt a word or two,
 (The type to him, you see was strange and new,)
 Then started back, blank wonder and surprise
 Mingling incredulous in his asking eyes.
 “‘A call for volunteers !’—what means that, pray ?

I thought they got through fighting in my day.
 Another muss with England, I suppose ;
 Hang her ! she's always poking in her nose
 Just when she isn't wanted ! What's up now ?
 Has old King George kicked up another row ?
 But bless me ! I forgot ! He must be dead
 Long years ago ; who's reigning in his stead ?"
 " Good Queen Victoria," I replied,—amused,
 Spite of myself, to hear John Bull abused,
 Yet wishing, as was natural, to acquit
 The gracious Queen from any share in it.
 " Good Queen Victoria; but my ancient friend,—
 I beg your pardon,—all that's at an end.
 We conquered England, you remember ? well,
 She let our folks alone for quite a spell ;
 In eighteen twelve we had a little fuss,
 But since, she's kept her hands quite off of us.
 It doesn't pay, you see ! but now and then
 She tries to dip her fingers in again
 And gets them burnt; and so I calculate,
 In time she'll learn her lesson ; we can wait."
 " That's so," replied the stranger, " but do tell
 What's in the wind ? as well as I could spell
 That notice yonder, it read something so :
 ' A call for Volunteers'—who is the Foe ?
 And what's the quarrel ?" " Stranger," I replied,
 " The Southern States are seeking to divide
 This blessed Union which they all abhor
 And so they've plunged us into civil war."
 " War, civil war !" he shrieked, " It cannot be !
 What ! brothers of one common family ?—
 Sons of the sires who stood up, side by side,
 Where Stark and Allen fought, where Warren died !"
 His stout frame shook, and o'er his furrowed cheek
 Tears wrote the anguish words could never speak !
 " 'Tis even so" I said ; " They spared the root,
 In *your* time, friend ; we eat the bitter fruit !"

"What mean you?" quoth he. "*This*." I stern replied :
 "When Slavery triumphed, Freedom, Union died.
 The cursed hydra! ah, friend, in your day
 You might have plucked the blasted thing away,
 At one stout wrench; you only, here and there,
 Hacked it a little, mouthed a muttered prayer
 That nothing bad might come of it at last;—
 You see the issue!"

"What is past is past,"

The stranger moaned, "but God forgive us all!
 That such a fearful reckoning should befall
 Our children's children! Verily, God is just;
 I do repent me in the very dust!
 But pity me, and tell me, if you can,
 That out of this unhallowed wrath of man,
 God yet brings praise to His most holy name,
 Since, by this fiery baptism of flame,
 The land at length is purged of its dark shame."
 "Nay, nay, not yet," I answered, "All too deep
 This cursed evil, for a breath to sweep
 From out its strong foundations, though that breath
 Be the Sirocco, sweeping to hot death
 A host of braves the hissing shell beneath,
 Or fiery shot, or cannon's smoky wreath!
 And yet—heaven send our hopes be not in vain.—
 From out these fearful throes of mortal pain
 God grant the nation may be born again."
 A deep "God grant it!" and a low "Amen!"
 Burst from the stranger's lips—and then we talked,
 In sobered, softened accents as we walked,
 Of all the changes Time had wrought since he,
 A strong, hale man, had roved in company
 With those he loved, these streams and hills beside;—
 "I shouldn't know the dear old place," he cried.
 "What with your town-house and your churches tall,
 Your crowded buildings, school-houses and all,

I'm clean turned upside down;—and then, and then,
 Such *monstrous women* ! and such bearded men !"
 "As for the *women*," I replied, "we shine
 In borrowed feathers—alias *crinoline* ;
 The *men*—well, they've a notion, I suppose,
 A man is handsomer the less he shows
 Of his own doubtful phiz, and so he grows
 Moustache and beard and what-not ! To be plain,
 Men have their weaknesses ; they are quite as vain
 As any of us women, I maintain."

There was no answering such an argument,
 The stranger offered none, and on we went
 Until we reached the Cemetery gate
 And entered ; Said the stranger, "Soon or late
 We all shall enter here ;—oh, blessed fate !"
 He read a name or two, then sadly said,
 "All strangers, *all* !—the Living and the Dead !
 What do I here ?" I turned to answer him ;—
 Lo, he had vanished. Every thing grew dim
 Around, beneath, above me ; I awoke,
 And found myself,—dear reader, 'tis no joke—
 Sitting by my own fireside. Husband spoke :
 "My dear, you've had a comfortable nap ;
 But see, your book has fallen from your lap ;
 Pussy is playing tricks with your *crochet*,
 And things are having mostly their own way."
 A mild rebuke. I took it whence 'twas sent,
 Put things "to rights," then, for a punishment,
 Inflicted on him my uncanny dream ;
 Would you believe it ?—strange as it may seem,—
 Before I finished he was napping, too ;
 And sure as I am living—so are you.

Judge Chapin's speech was in response to a sentiment complimentary to the Heart of the Commonwealth, as follows :

JUDGE CHAPIN'S SPEECH

I have been in doubt most of the day as to my right to be here, with a sort of uncomfortable impression that I have been occupying a seat which belonged to somebody else. I was not born in Fitchburg. I was not even born in the north part of Worcester County. You must bear in mind, however, that it was not my fault that I did not have the choice of my birthplace, for if I had, I might as soon have been born in Fitchburg as any other place in the County. I did not marry a wife in Fitchburg, a fact for which no one is in fault that I am aware of. I did not settle here as a lawyer, for the fame of Torrey & Wood, and the various other legal luminaries in this vicinity was enough to threaten any limb of the law with starvation if he should have attempted it at the time when I commenced the practice of the law. Why, then, am I here? Until the sentiment to which I am to respond was handed to me upon the platform, I supposed that I came here merely to see how you managed centennial celebrations in the north part of the County.

I know how such things are done in the south part of the County. I had no sooner taken my seat in the cars than I found that the *modus operandi* was very nearly the same in both sections of the County. As friends met from various sections, on their way to this municipal reunion, the greetings were earnest and heartfelt. There was the grasping of the hands, the kind words of welcome, the kiss upon the lips, which, by the way, was confined to the ladies, and in this respect probably differed from centennial greetings in the south part of the County, and through the whole of this joyful occasion things have been managed so pleasantly and naturally that it has seemed to me that I have been in the midst of those whom I have always known and loved.

But I am asked to respond for Worcester. Have you any doubt of the interest of the city of Worcester in the town of Fitchburg? Haven't we become bound to each other by bands of iron? Haven't we given you the privilege of having a jail and a jailor, just as much as ourselves? Haven't we been chasing you to Boston and elsewhere, winter after winter, zealously as a lover follows his sweetheart, when she threatens to break her connection with him? Haven't our mutual affections at last resulted in a compromise which promises to keep the good old County intact and unbroken, with the town of Fitchburg one of the brightest

jewels in her coronet? I sincerely hope and believe that it is so, and while I remain Judge of the Probate Court, I trust that I shall have jurisdiction of the settlement of the estates of all of you who shall have occasion for my services.

But brevity is the order of the day, and hard though it be, I must close. The day has been to me one of unalloyed enjoyment. As I have looked upon the beaming countenances, and watched the earnest greetings of the friends who have gathered here. I have known the feelings of their hearts, and have felt the influence of the friendly atmosphere which has surrounded me. I have listened with deep pleasure to the beautiful address of my friend, the orator, and have followed with wrapt attention the happy dream-like effusions of the poet and poetess of the occasion. If they will excuse me, I will take the liberty to add to them a single appendix :

We've seen them in your thrilling dreams,
These fruitful hills and flowing streams,
And listened with a half-drawn sigh
To melodies of days gone by.

But now there soundeth loud and clear
A voice we must not fail to hear,
There pointeth with unerring hand,
An angel to the stern command,—

The past must bury up its dead,
The future comes with earnest tread,
It crowds each moment of to-day,
And drives the cherished past away.

RESPONSE BY HON. STEPHEN T. FARWELL, OF CAMBRIDGE, A NATIVE OF
FITCHBURG.

How joyfully the pilgrim greets the home that gave him birth,
To him in life's young morning the sunny spot of earth,
As from his lengthened wanderings, his toils and travels o'er,
He enters the old homestead to wander never more.

Familiar voices welcome him, and loving arms embrace ;
 Light beams from every dewy eye and joy in every face ;
 Yet on this gladsome picture there falls a deepening shade,
 As memory notes the changes the flight of time has made.

Alas ! among our households of few can it be said—
 The loved ones all are living and none's among the dead ;—
 The golden chain unbroken, no missing link is there ;
 Around the dear old hearthstone there is no vacant chair.

For change, decay and dying, we cannot but discern
 On all things earthly written, whichever way we turn ;
 The household may continue, the church, the town, the state,
 But the members all are mortal, and missing soon or late.

To-day, we who aforetime to make our homes elsewhere,
 Left these pleasant hills and valleys where first we breathed the air,
 Come back to dear old Fitchburg, the mother of us all,
 As true and loving children responsive to her call.

And some of us are thinking—at least one is, I know—
 How few had built their homesteads here one hundred years ago.
 Along the river's margin the dwellings might be seen
 Like the visits of the angels, few and far between.

Few then had thought the Nashua gave-promise of much good—
 It might do to turn a gristmill to grind the people food,
 But would bring them heavy burden in taxes raised to pay
 The cost of numerous bridges by her freshets swept away.

That in the noisy waterfalls and silent moving stream
 Lay her future growth and riches, they did not even dream ;
 But facts spoiled all their logic as facts have done before,
 With the wheel and spindles' music soon heard along the shore.

Won by their swelling cadence the day of railroads came;
 And now our town's a city in every thing but name.
 For much of this later increase it is but truth to say
 We are thankfully indebted to our President of the day.

The hundred years ended, as history doth recite,
 Began with the great struggle of our fathers for the right,
 And the record shows that Fitchburg with heart and purse and hand
 Did her full share in driving its assailants from the land.

In the present greater conflict she has given to the strife
 Her heart's best, choicest treasures to save the nation's life,
 By traitor hands imperiled, who in the madness of the hour,
 Would blot it out forever—if they but had the power.

Shall Slavery be triumphant when the mighty struggle ends,
 And Liberty in her coffin by the weakness of her friends?
 Forbid it, heavenly Father, and give us in thy might
 Peace that to all brings freedom and victory to the right.

And when our childrens' children the next centennial day
 Come back to our good mother, the fealty to pay,
 May they find a thriving people, prosperous on every hand,
 And Union, peace and plenty through all the goodly land.

Now we give her kindly greeting, and right good hearty cheer
 On rounding out so nobly her first one hundred year;
 May other centuries follow, each better than the past,
 Until earth's drama ended, the curtain falls at last.

The Medical Profession—"The people of Fitchburg are indebted to their forbearance that they are alive to celebrate their centennial."

REMARKS BY THOMAS R. BOUTELLE, M. D., OF FITCHBURG.

Mr. President—In response to the sentiment just read, so flattering to our fraternity, I will forbear wearying your patience by much talking, and only try to give some facts in relation to the older physicians in this

town. In 1772 or '73 Dr. Thaddeus McCarty moved into this place, a young man, and the first physician who resided here. He was the son of the Rev. Thaddeus McCarty, of Worcester, married the daughter of Thomas Cowdin, Esq., the proprietor of the noted "Cowdin Tavern," which stood where the American House now stands. He was a man of good education, and reputed to have been skilful in his profession. This opinion is strengthened by the fact that out of about five hundred cases of inoculated small pox treated by him and his associate, Dr. Israel Atherton, of Lancaster, in their hospital in this town, only five died. For this marked success, and for his incessant labors to alleviate the sufferings of his patients in this loathsome disease, and to allay the fears of those who were well, we are informed that the people showed their appreciation of his services by propagating a report that he or his friends introduced the disease to give him a good business. So long as he remained here he had great influence in public affairs. He removed to Worcester in 1781. About 1782 he was succeeded in this place by Dr. Peter Snow, who lived for a number of years in a house, known as the Gen. Reed house, on a spot now covered by this Town House. Dr. Snow was highly respected, both as physician and citizen; he lived to a good old age, and died in the harness in 1824, leaving a family of four sons, the oldest, Peter Stearns Snow, and the youngest, Charles, he left practicing in the field he had so long and so honorably occupied. The younger of the two soon moved to Alabama and went into other business; the elder still remains with us, having retired from the labors of his profession years ago. His son is our orator to-day. Before Dr. Snow came here Dr. Jonas Marshall settled in the easterly part of the town, on the farm now occupied by his grandson, Mr. Abel Marshall. The first notice I find of Dr. M. is in 1785, when he was chosen a delegate to attend a Convention to take measures to procure a division of the County. He continued to practice occasionally, and died at an advanced age. A grandson of his, Jonas A. Marshall, M. D., my friend and brother, has been a practicing physician here during a space of forty years, is still one of us, and may he long remain so. He was elected Town Clerk for twenty-four successive years. Associated with him was Otis Abercrombie, M. D., under the firm of Marshall & Abercrombie. They were held in high estimation. Dr. A. left the town and practice on account of impaired health about 1836 or '37, and died in

Lunenburg much lamented. In 1830, Charles W. Wilder, M. D., moved into this town from Leominster, where he had lived two or three years, having practiced a number of years previously in Templeton, and continued here as a physician until 1833, when, on account of family relations, he moved to Leominster, changing places with your humble servant, who has been attending to the duties of his calling, more or less thirty-one years. Dr. W. was a man of great energy of character, a strong advocate of temperance, and highly respected, both as a physician and as a man. His memory is yet fresh among us. He was repeatedly elected Representative from Leominster. He died at the age of sixty years. During the last twenty years our population has been steadily increasing, requiring additional force in our profession. Our reinforcements have been volunteers, some of whom have been and are an honor to our town ; and I am happy to be able to say that we live together in great harmony.

In the early history of the town, Dr. Stone, afterward a prominent physician in Harvard, and after him, Dr. Ball, practiced medicine a few years in the west part of the town, now called Deanhill. Not being burthened with professional business, Dr. B. is said to have indulged in some rather sharp practice with his landlord. Having bargained to be allowed a certain sum, to be deducted from the price of his board, for each meal at which he might be absent, it so happened that when the day of settlement came, the landlord proved to be somewhat in debt to the boarder. To settle the matter tradition says that the parties left it out to referees, whose judgment was that it was a fair bargain, and therefore the landlord must pay the balance to the doctor ; which of course proves that the doctor was all right.

The following poems were contributed by ladies of this town on the occasion of the Centennial Celebration :

CENTENNIAL SONG OF THE NASHUA.

BY MRS. L. P. COMEE.

Gorgeously as now, at even,
 Golden banners gleamed and burned
 On the western walls of Heaven,
 As the day to darkness turned,
 Brilliantly as now, at morning,
 Did my crystal waters glow
 In the red light of a dawning,
 Just One Hundred Years ago.

Just the same the sky is bending
 Now, as then, o'er hill and plain ;
 Just the same my waves are tending,
 Ever constant, to the main.
 But around me there remaineth,
 In the landscape wide unrolled,
 Scarce a feature that retaineth
 Tint or shape it wore of old.

Then my dancing waves descended
 Through a valley lone and dim,
 Oft where tangled woods extended
 Darkest shadows o'er my brim.
 Then the wild cat's cry was swelling,
 And the fox's lair was made
 Where are now the church and dwelling,
 And the crowded mart of trade.

Then old Rollstone, robed and crested
 In unsullied beauty, stood
 Fair as when his Builder rested

And pronounced creation "good;"
 Towering grandly and serenely
 All the circling highlands o'er,
 With his forest garment greenly
 Sweeping downward to my shore.

Still a king he stands invested
 With the majesty of yore,
Though the spoiler, man, has wrested
Many a treasure from his store,
 And a king he long will tower,
 Though with scarred dismantled breast,
 Ere the human insect's power
 Lower his proudly lifted crest.

Where a savage wild extended,
 Under culture's magic hand,
 Orchard groves, with grain lands blended,
 Make a garden of the land
 Where was once the quiet dingle,
 And the meadow, green and still,
 Sounds of saw and hammer mingle
 With the buzzing of the mill.

Places, once by peace pervaded,
 Picturesquely wild and sweet,
 Now are nicely trimmed and graded,
 For the iron courser's feet.
 Hark! he comes—his neighs awaken,
 Trumpet-like the echoes nigh,
 And the solid hills are shaken,
 As he grandly thunders by.

All around bespeaks mutation,
 But the wizzard, where are they?
 'Neath whose hands, this transformation

Grew like magic day by day.
 All are changed—in shape's immortal,
 Hundreds dwell in that fair clime,
 Far beyond the Death-watched portal
 Opening out from earth and time.

Many here are still remaining,
 But their silvered temples show
 That the sands of life are waning,
 And will shortly cease to flow.
 Change on change is still the story,
 Old things pass and new have birth.
 Youth's bright locks grow thin and hoary,
 And at last return to earth.

Change on change beyond expression,
 Over all, in all appears,
 Footmarks of the long procession
 Of a hundred passing years.
 But the same blue sky is bending.
 Now as then, o'er hill and plain,
 Just the same my waves are tending,
 Ever constant to the main.

A HYMN OF THANKSGIVING.

BY MRS. C. M. LOWE.

To the God whose hand hath brought us
 Safely to this blessed hour,
 Who hath guarded, saved, and taught us,
 We ascribe all praise and power.

Let the souls, who now in glory,
 Smile on ways their feet once trod,
 Sing with us the grateful story
 Of the goodness of our God.

For the dear homes in the valley,
 For the hills we call our own,
 For the changing wondrous beauty
 Which a hundred years have shown.

For the blossoms and the harvests,
 For the sunshine and the rain,
 Flows our praise to Thee, O Father!
 In a never ending strain.

For the music of the waters,
 For the songs of breeze and bird,
 For the deep and hidden heart springs,
 By these sweet home-echoes stirred.

For the waking after sleeping,
 For the peace that follows strife,
 For the smiling after weeping,
 And the death that leads to life.

For the smiles of little children,
 For the bowed and silvered head,
 For the friends who are still with us,
 And the memory of our dead.

For the young souls counted worthy,
 Of a hero's great reward,
 For the young lives given for freedom,
 Here we thank Thee, O, our God!

For the true, and brave, and faithful,
 Whom we miss or mourn to-day,
 For the love that brings them near us,
 Let us bless Thee while we pray.

And we leave our past and future,
 And the years that are to come,
 In the hand that holds our country,
 And will lead its children home.

SONG.

 BY MRS. CAROLINE A. MASON.

Air ; " Fine Old English Gentleman."

Come listen, friends and neighbors all ! a story I'll relate
 About a famous little town in Massachusetts State.
 I hope I shan't be tiresome now ; I'll try to do my best ;
 And if I say a stupid thing, just take it for a jest.

Tra, la, la, &c.

There's that about the people there is very strange to view :
 They eat and drink, for all the world, as other people do !
 They know the way from hand to mouth ; indeed, I've heard it said,
 They know an oyster from a goose, and ham from baker's bread.

Tra, la, la, &c.

This simple folk in politics have such a funny creed ;
 They all believe in Uncle Sam, and vow they won't secede.
 Nay, on the other hand, they swear they're ready all to strike
 A sturdy blow 'gainst those who do ; who ever heard the like ?

Tra, la, la, &c.

This honest people, it is said, have churches, six or seven ;
 Each claims,—though all take different paths,—one only leads to heaven,
 And that's the one they're walking in ; of course it must be so,
 But how to reconcile it all, it puzzles one, you know !

Tra, la, la, &c.

I'm told this famous little town, for just a hundred years,
 Has had a name and place on earth, but, strange as it appears,
 Not one of all the dozen men who settled here at first
 Has come to-day to see the place his youthful fancy nursed !

Tra, la, la, &c.

And stranger still, not one of us,—unless we live till then,—
 Will ever see another day like this come back again ;
 At least, I'll venture to assert this much, if nothing more,
 The most of us will not be here in *Nineteen Sixty-four* !

Tra, la, la, &c.

That being so, it but remains to do the best we can
 To emulate the good old times, and each one to a man
 Revere, and love and cherish well this famous little spot ;
 I think I needn't tell its name ; you've guessed it,—have you not ?
 Tra, la, la, &c.



Correspondence.

LETTER FROM REV. C. B. BARTON.

WOODBURN, ILL., June 21, 1864.

MR. JOHN FARWELL,—

Dear Sir—I have just received an invitation sent by you to attend the Centennial Celebration of the incorporation of the town of Fitchburg on the 30th instant.

Your “very distinct remembrance of many of your childish days being spent with me and my youngest sister,” cannot be more so than mine. Since those days I have traveled far, resided in many places, passed through many impressive scenes, and formed many intimate acquaintances that have long since been literally forgotten; but the name and person of John Farwell, the most intimate companion of my childhood, remains uneffaced and undimmed on my memory. How often have I gone back to those brief, happy years and lived them over again in imagination. There is no one desire of an earthly nature, that I have so long and ardently cherished as to visit again the place of my nativity. I cannot believe there will be present at your approaching celebration an individual to whom it will be a more eventful day than it would be to me were I permitted to be present. But circumstances render it impracticable. Fifty-four years have passed away since I was born in that beautiful village; and though I left it at seven years of age, yet are the remembrances of its situation and surroundings distinct and impressive.

Were I set down at the hour of midnight in the midst of the town, I could easily (I imagine) find my way to the dear old home, on the slope of the hill, at the foot of which stands, or stood, the church where my father preached. On passing up, another church I could go to, Haskel's store, on to the bridge, over upon the common, where you and I witnessed the muster drills of those days, wondering if ever we too should be men. And there, too, is Rollstone hill (was not that the name)? where we gathered blue berries, and up the river, the pond where we, with older brothers, fished in summer and skated in winter. I still see everything as it then was; every turn in the river, the brooks winding through the meadows, the fields, the orchards, the stone walls (what I have not seen since), and all the buildings, dwelling houses, barns, stores, shops, &c., &c.

But more distinct than all else is the dear old homestead. There is the wall below and back of the house filled to the top with earth; on the upper side, the great pear tree, and grape vine under it, and the barn further up the hill, and the orchard still beyond. And there is the garden and grass below, through which ran diagonally a little path for little feet, your home and mine at the two ends of it. And now I am looking into the house itself; every room from cellar to garret is familiar. In the front entry, fifty years ago the first day of September next, I gashed my thumb with the new Barlow father gave me as a birthday present, and to this day the scar remains. And from the other entrance goes up the long broad flight of stairs, down which I once came (you remember) so precipitately as to raise a large bump of caution, the mark of which I have ever since carried on my forehead.

Bump of caution, I said, but how I forget! Why! there was no such thing in those days as the science of Phrenology; no, nor anything else that is the order of the day now. Those were the times of customs, habits, thoughts and pursuits that later improvements have rendered obsolete. Young America was then undeveloped.

Do you not remember how we took off our hats to superiors and strangers? and how all the stores and shops were shut up at sundown Saturday night, and the Sabbath began at that hour in more true earnest with all classes than is manifested in any of its homes by many now. Sermons then were measured by hours, now only by minutes. Then, too, the churches had pastors who were privileged to preach the truth, answerable alone to God. Now they have stated supplies restricted to preach only what will not offend transgressors.

But again I forget, for doubtless the march of improvement has left its heavy footprints on your village and its environs. O, this age of improvement, what havoc it makes with our old cherished associations. Literally, "The hills are brought low and the valleys are exalted;" and were I to come back to Fitchburg I fear it would not be Fitchburg to me. The tooth of time, and the tools of art have doubtless so destroyed and so created anew that I should find little remaining in correspondence to the picture painted on memory's imperishable tablet.

How could I bear to find Rollstone hill removed to make way for your Railroad, and all the other hills and slopes brought down into the valleys, and the very river made to run up stream in order to keep pace with the march of improvement. But I am confident I should find much to gratify me in more important matters than material things. I should find in your town, as in almost all your commonwealth, a gigantic growth and development in the great principles of truth and righteousness. It is gratifying to know that where my father faithfully ministered the truths of God's word touching our relations to man as well as our Maker, there the fruit is abundant. There are doubtless among you those who remember how he endured for the truth's

sake, and such will rejoice with me in the fact that those principles for which he so earnestly and manfully contended, have prevailed. He fell before he saw the triumph of truth, before the yokes of oppression in our land were completely broken. But it pleased God to suffer his mantle to fall on me, and taking his place in the pulpit for near a quarter of a century, it has been my aim to stand in my lot as he stood in his, fearless of consequences, and amidst scorn and reproach I have plead for Jesus in the person of his suffering and despised poor; and I live to see the dark cloud lifting from our national horizon, and to join in the general shout to God who giveth us the victory, that the power of the oppressor is broken.

I should be greatly pleased to hear from you, to renew in the decline of life the intimacy of our childhood. And it may be that in the good Providence that has watched over us so long, and so far separated, we may yet look upon each other and speak face to face.

Yours in long and happy remembrance.

C. B. BARTON.

LETTER FROM J. R. BRIGHAM.

MILWAUKEE, June 17, 1864.

ALVAH CROCKER, Esq., Chairman; EBENEZER TORREY AND OTHERS, Committee of Arrangements,—

Gentlemen—I have received your invitation to attend the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the incorporation of the town of Fitchburg on the 30th inst.

It is not possible for me to be present, but I heartily thank you for the note of invitation, with which you have honored me. As I read it and note some familiar names on the Committee, my native town is brought vividly back to recollection, as it was twenty-five years ago, and more when we spelt its name *without the final h*; before your chairman, with others, had succeeded in putting the locomotive, with its iron track and thundering train in the place of the "big teams" that used to crawl their way to Boston and return, making a quick trip in six days; when the "old city" was little else than the "stone factory" and a farm; when boys, and men, too, played ball on the Common, which was then a waste of sand (well covered with granite blocks and chips), from the Unitarian "Meeting House" to the "Lower Tavern" and without enclosure or improvement of any kind, except the town pump and a huge sign post; when the old yellow "town school-house" held a prominent place at the head of the street, and the orchard next, which, I think, one member of your Committee and all of the boys of that period will remember, had no other fence at its front, on the main street of the village, than a rough stone wall, containing, I verily believe, more stones than can be found in any one place in all Wisconsin. But I suppose they—both the school-house and the

stone wall—have, before this, yielded to some modern improvement. Indeed, I am not sure, so rapid is the march of progress, but that people now get married in Fitchburg without being “published” over the well remembered autograph of the Doctor, who must excuse me for saying that I am hardly free yet from my boyish belief, that he was *created* Clerk of the Town and Captain of the Fusiliers.

Other names that I see before me I remember well, and with pleasant associations; but one, Mr. Wood's, brings to my mind his late associate in business, my old play fellow, school mate and friend, Goldsmith F. Bailey. My acquaintance with him dating back to the time when he was a shop boy in Mr. Crocker's book bindery, and which was intimate while we were together, did not drop with my leaving Fitchburg, but continued through the printing office, the lawyer's office, and the Legislature, and until he died, a member of Congress; and if I were asked for a sentiment at your celebration, and might give the one most in my heart, I would choose this:

The late Goldsmith F. Bailey—“A good specimen of a New England man. Beginning life a poor and orphan boy, with no special aid or advantages, except the precepts and prayers of an excellent mother, by his own industry and faithfulness, he became a learned and successful lawyer, and a wise and useful legislator, respected and beloved alike by his clients and his constituents, by his brethren at the bar, and his associates in legislative bodies. His life was a worthy example of which his native town may well be proud, his early death was a public calamity.”

Very truly your fellow citizen and obedient Servant,

J. R. BRIGHAM.

LETTER FROM JAMES E. WHARTON.

PARKERSBURG, W. VA., June 23, 1864.

Gentlemen of the Committee of Arrangements—I have received your invitation to attend the Centennial Celebration of the birth of your beautiful town, and I earnestly hoped that I should be able to be with you, and once more see the hills and valleys of my nativity, and greet the few remaining friends I have among you; but duties have been imposed on me connected with our State Sanitary Fair, which I cannot neglect, as they are so intimately associated with the welfare of our brothers and sons in the army. I feel that I have no right to enjoyment until I have given my mite towards the quelling of this infamous and unnatural rebellion.

With the earnest hope that your celebration may be all that you would desire, and for the prosperity and happiness of all your people,

I am truly your obedient servant,

JAS. E. WHARTON.

LETTER FROM CHARLES LYMAN GARFIELD.

ALBANY, N. Y., June 29, 1864.

J. T. FARWELL, for the Committee, Fitchburg, Mass.,—

Dear Sir—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your complimentary card to the “Dinner for the Centennial Celebration, at Fitchburg, June 30, 1864,” as well as your circular a few days since. It would afford me great pleasure to be present, to recall the scenes of my childhood, to congratulate you personally, and to participate generally in the celebration.

It is over forty years since I visited my friends at Fitchburg, and I regret exceedingly that my business engagements are such, at this writing, as to preclude my acceptance of your kind invitation not only, but to preclude even a sketch of my early recollections both of the place and the good old families there.

If Sheriff Calvin Willard (that model old gentleman) shall be one of your guests, whom I have had the pleasure of welcoming at my father's, in Troy, as well as enjoying his cordiality at Worcester, within twenty years, give him the right hand of fellowship, and bear my good wishes and that of my mother, now living in Troy, for his continued health and prosperity, and when I take an excursion eastward I will call on you and reciprocate the favor.

My father, Lyman Garfield, was gathered to his fathers a year since, in green old age, honored every hour of his life, leaving a legacy of integrity, patriotism and piety to his children, which makes his name precious, and “rather to be chosen than great riches;” and he was among the patriots of your city during the last war. He is now in the better land, where I trust we may all be when our descendants shall assemble to commemorate the enterprise and virtues of their honored sires, to whose immediate skill and enterprise, as well as liberality and loyalty, they shall be so much indebted for what Fitchburg is, and what she may be, in our good old Republic.

And may our Heavenly Father add his blessing and give you all prosperity for two worlds, is the humble and hearty prayer of

Your obedient servant,

CHARLES LYMAN GARFIELD,
Albany City Bank, Albany, N. Y.

DISPATCH FROM GOV. ANDREW.

BOSTON, June 30, 1864.

HON. ALVAH CROCKER,—

I deeply regret that imperative necessity keeps me away from Fitchburg to-day. Accept my cordial wishes for the success of your Celebration and prosperity of your town.

JOHN A. ANDREW.

LETTER FROM REV. RUFUS A. PUTNAM.

PEMBROKE, N. H., June 24, 1864.

TO ALVAH CROCKER, ESQ., Chairman, EBENEZER TORREY, ESQ., AND OTHERS,
Members of the Committee of Arrangements for the Centennial Celebration
of the town of Fitchburg, Mass.,—

Gentleman—Your kind and cordial invitation to attend the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the incorporation of your town has been duly received, and I have delayed an answer for some time, with a strong desire that I might (if a gracious Providence should so order it) be able to say to you, "Yes, I will gladly come;" but I find my strength so feeble, and my bodily infirmities so many, and it is so difficult and inconvenient for me to manage myself away from home, that I feel obliged, on the whole, to give up the idea of being with you on the proposed occasion. It has been with great reluctance that I have come to this conclusion. It certainly would afford me a great deal of pleasure to re-visit the endeared scenes of my first labors in the ministry of Christ; to renew old acquaintanceship with many very dearly beloved friends who still remain on earth, while others have gone, I trust, to a better world; and to recull, in some measure, the varied events and sweet and precious intercourse of hearts and minds sympathizing in each others' welfare in years long gone by. You will have my fervent wishes that your celebration may be attended with every circumstance of interest, profit and pleasure, which the occasion is adapted to bring forth; as also my ardent prayers to Heaven for your future prosperity in all respects, both as a civil and religious community.

Yours, &c., very respectfully,

RUFUS A. PUTNAM.

LETTER FROM REV. WM. P. TILDEN.

BOSTON, June 29, 1864.

MR. CROCKER,—

Dear Sir—I thank you and the Committee of Arrangements you represent, for your very kind and cordial invitation to the Centennial to-morrow.

I should be glad to hear the many good words that will be spoken; and if I should not be present do not attribute my absence to any lack of interest in the occasion, or in the good town where I spent seven pleasant years of my life, and formed friendships that are fondly and gratefully cherished. Hoping and believing you will have a happy occasion,

I am yours fraternally,

W. P. TILDEN.

LETTER FROM ALANSON BIGELOW.

BOSTON, June 28, 1864.

HON. ALVAH CROCKER:

My Dear Sir—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your invitation to attend “the Celebration of the One Hundredth Anniversary of the incorporation of the Town of Fitchburg,” on the thirtieth instant. Thanking you for kindly remembering me, I have to regret, most sincerely, that other engagements will deprive me of the great pleasure of being with you on that occasion, which I hope may prove a season of unalloyed enjoyment to all concerned.

That your beautiful town, on the completion of this first century of her existence, is fairly entitled to the congratulations of her friends, is manifest in her proud position to-day, attained, let me say, through the intelligent energy and enterprise of her citizens. May the achievements of the past prove the earnest of a prosperity as enduring as the streams which move her many-sided industries, or the granite frame in which her picture is set.

Most respectfully and truly, your friend and servant,

ALANSON BIGELOW.

LETTER FROM LUTHER STONE.

WORCESTER, June 25, 1864.

A. CROCKER, Esq., Chairman Committee of Arrangements,—

Dear Sir—Your kind note of invitation to attend your Centennial Celebration, and the enclosed tickets to the dinner were duly received. It would give me great pleasure to be present on that occasion, but business engagements in Boston on that day will prevent my doing so. Please accept my grateful acknowledgments for your kind invitation,

While I remain, yours truly,

LUTHER STONE.

LETTER FROM GEN. ROBERT COWDIN.

BOSTON, June 29, 1864.

J. T. FARWELL, Esq., Chairman of Committee,—

Dear Sir—Your kind invitation, with tickets for Mrs. Cowdin and myself, to attend the Centennial Celebration at Fitchburg, June 30th, has been received and is highly appreciated, but the uncertainty of the fate of my only son will prevent our acceptance. As a descendant of Fitchburg it would have given me great pleasure to have been with you. With sentiments of the highest respect, I am, my dear sir,

Your obedient servant,

ROBERT COWDIN.

LETTER FROM LUMAN BOYDEN.

BOSTON, June 28, 1864.

J. T. FARWELL, Esq.,—

Dear Sir—The Committee will please accept my thanks for the kind invitation to be present, also for a ticket to the dinner, at the contemplated Centennial Celebration, the 30th inst. Important duties will deprive me of the privilege of being present, yet rest assured that it is my wish that the occasion may be pleasant and profitable to the great congregation that will doubtless assemble. It is my prayer that God who has so greatly blessed, may give continued blessings for centuries to come.

Yours respectfully,

LUMAN BOYDEN.

LETTER FROM A. O. BIGELOW.

BOSTON, June 29, 1864.

HON. ALVAH CROCKER,—

Dear Sir—I received a few days since a complimentary ticket to attend the festivities at Fitchburg tomorrow, and till this moment fully hoped I might be able to thank you in person. I now find myself obliged to forego the pleasure I had anticipated, and beg to thank you and other members of your committee most heartily for so kindly remembering me. With my best wishes that the celebration may be an entire success, and that the affairs of your noble town may move as smoothly another hundred years as they have the past, I am, my dear sir,

Very truly yours,

A. O. BIGELOW.

LETTER FROM CHARLES H. CRAGIN.

GEORGETOWN, D. C., June 26, 1864.

Gentlemen—I greatly regret that I shall be prevented by duties here from accepting your cordial and kind invitation to be present with the sons of Fitchburg at their Centennial Anniversary, next Thursday. The two years I passed in your beautiful and hospitable and prosperous town, are reckoned among the pleasantest of my life. I assure you hardly anything would be pleasanter to me than to be present with you at the "feast of reason and flow of soul."

With thanks that so humble a name as my own in your annals has been remembered so kindly,

I am gentlemen, yours most truly,

CHAS. H. CRAGIN.

LETTER FROM ELLERY I. GARFIELD.

DETROIT, July 27, 1864.

J. T. FARWELL, Secretary,—

My Dear Sir—I am in receipt of your invitation to attend the Centennial Celebration, on the 30th of June. Nothing would be more gratifying to me than to be present, and be among old friends who will be present on that occasion. Fitchburg has always had the honor of being one of the most enterprising and public spirited towns in the State. And it makes those of us who are far away from home, to see and hear of the high positions taken by her sons, as proud of them as we are for those of our adopted ones. God bless the Old Bay State and her noble sons and daughters, who always stand in the foremost rank in every cause which is good and just.

ELLERY I. GARFIELD.

LETTER FROM SUSAN HARRINGTON.

LEXINGTON, July 1, 1864.

MR. FARWELL,—

Dear Sir—We received your very kind invitation to the Centennial Celebration. We had made arrangements to accept. With much regret we were unavoidably detained. Please accept many thanks from us.

Yours, very respectfully,

SUSAN HARRINGTON,
HENRY A. TURNER.

LETTER FROM MARTHA GOODRICH.

SEMINARY HOSPITAL, GEORGETOWN, D. C., June 25th, 1864.

MR. J. T. FARWELL,—

Dear Sir—The card—complimentary—forwarded by you in behalf of the committee of the Fitchburg Centennial Celebration, is received. In reply I have to state, that it would give me the greatest pleasure to be present on that occasion, but my duties at this hospital—with which I am connected—will render my attendance impracticable.

Thanking you for kindness, and hoping you will have, as I believe you will, a pleasant patriotic Celebration, I am,

Most respectfully yours,

MARTHA GOODRICH.

LETTER FROM E. A. HUBBARD.

EAST HAMPTON, June, 28, 1864.

ALVAH CROCKER, Esq., and others of the Committee,—

Gentlemen—Your favor was duly received inviting me to the Celebration in your town the present week. The pressure of business renders it impossible for me to be with you. I regret this the more as I lose the opportunity of renewing my acquaintance with your citizens, and especially of greeting those who sustained very intimate, and to me at least, very pleasant relations for several years in the forming period of their lives.

May your town still make progress in everything essential to its prosperity.

Accept my thanks for your kind invitation, and believe me,

Yours truly,

E. A. HUBBARD.

LETTER FROM J. S. EATON.

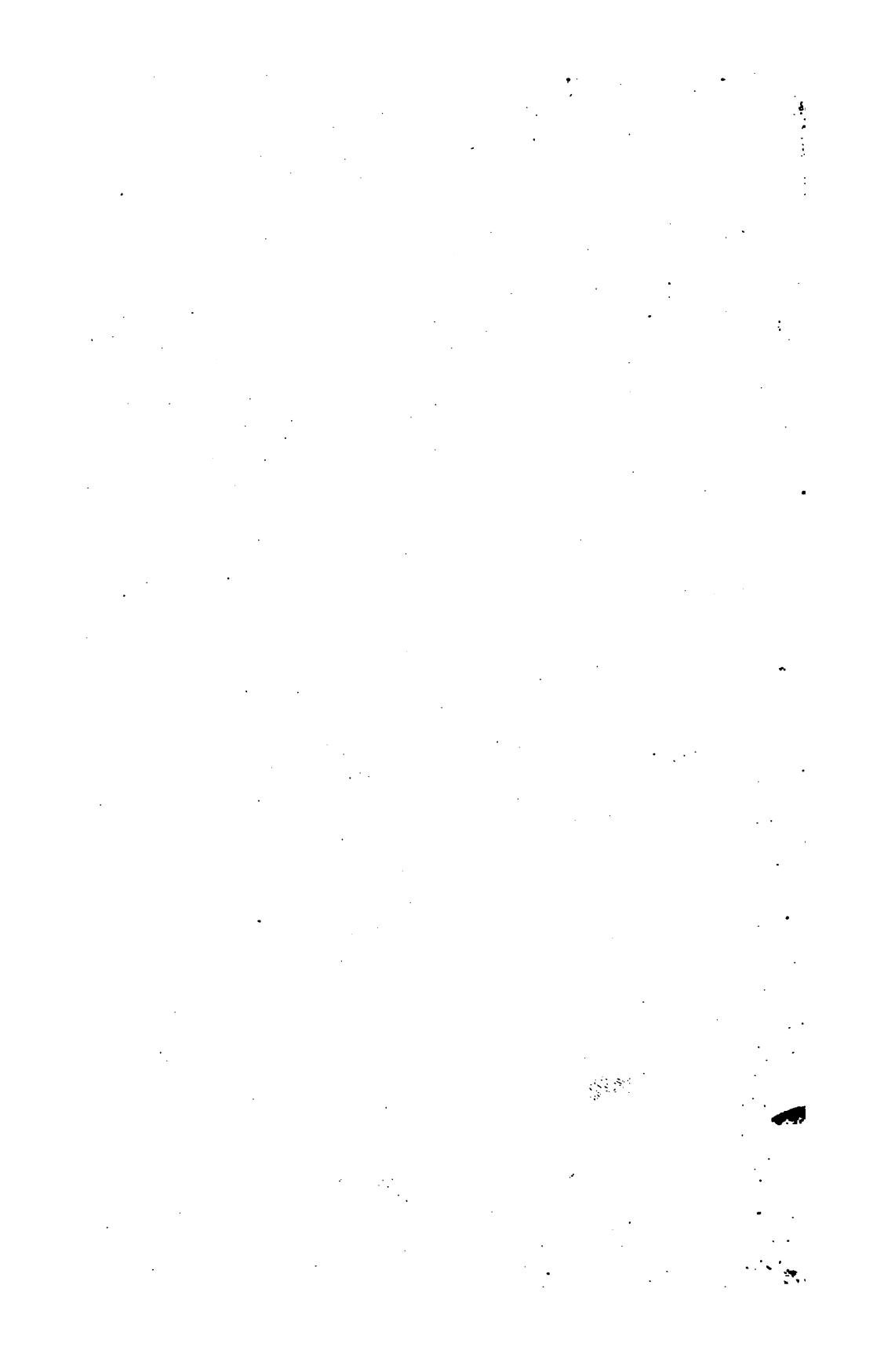
ANDOVER, May 31, 1864.

To HON. A. CROCKER, E. TOREY, Esq., and others,—

Gentlemen—Your circular inviting me to attend the Centennial Celebration at Fitchburg, June 30th, was received a few days since. I thank you for your kind remembrance, and as it will not probably be convenient to me to attend the *next Centennial* at the same place, I gratefully accept the invitation and shall endeavor to be present on the occasion. With great respect I am

Very truly yours,

J. S. EATON.



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